the weekly Standard

AUGUST 12 / AUGUST 19, 2002

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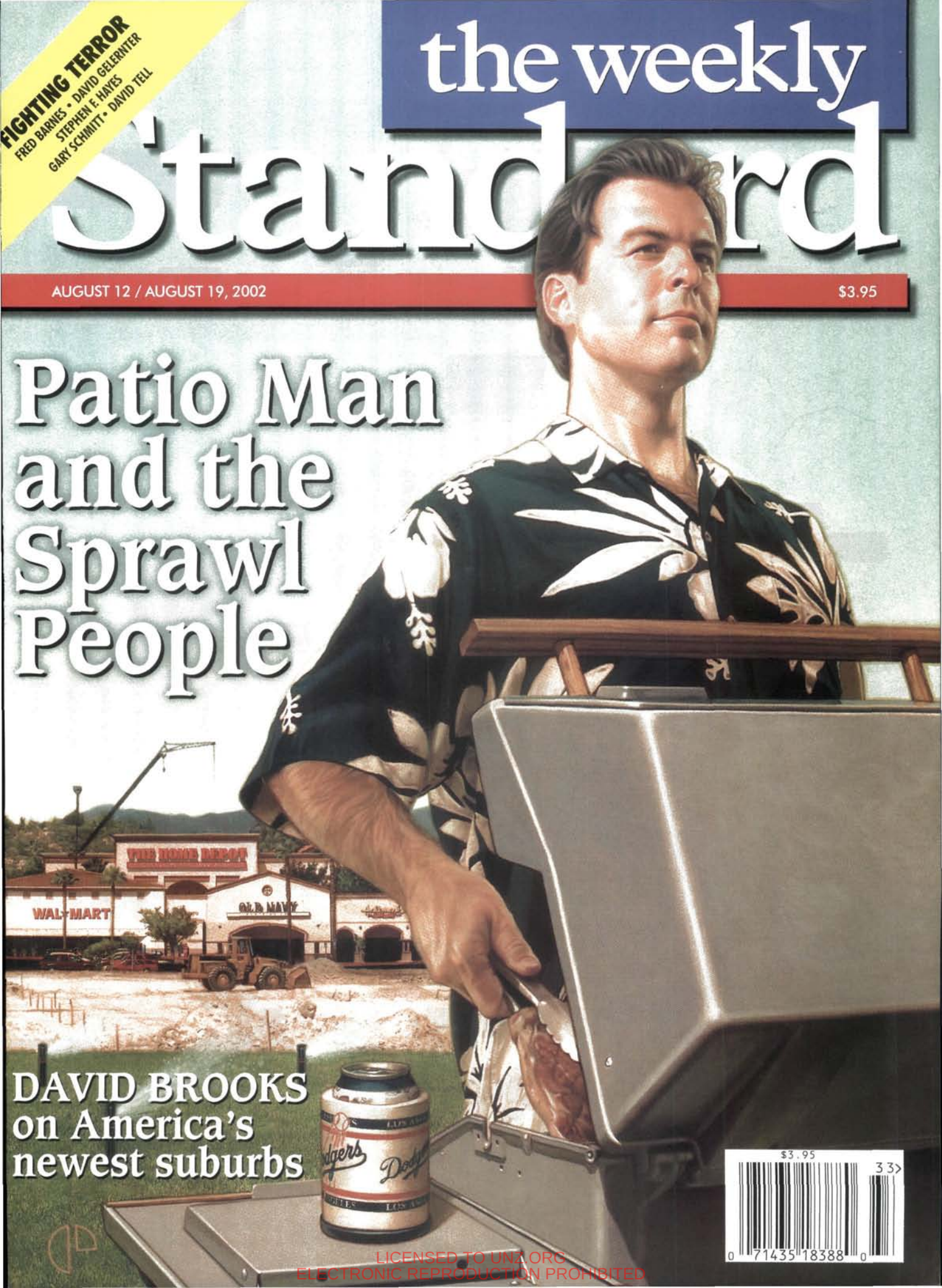
Patio Man and the Sprawl People

DAVID BROOKS on America's newest suburbs



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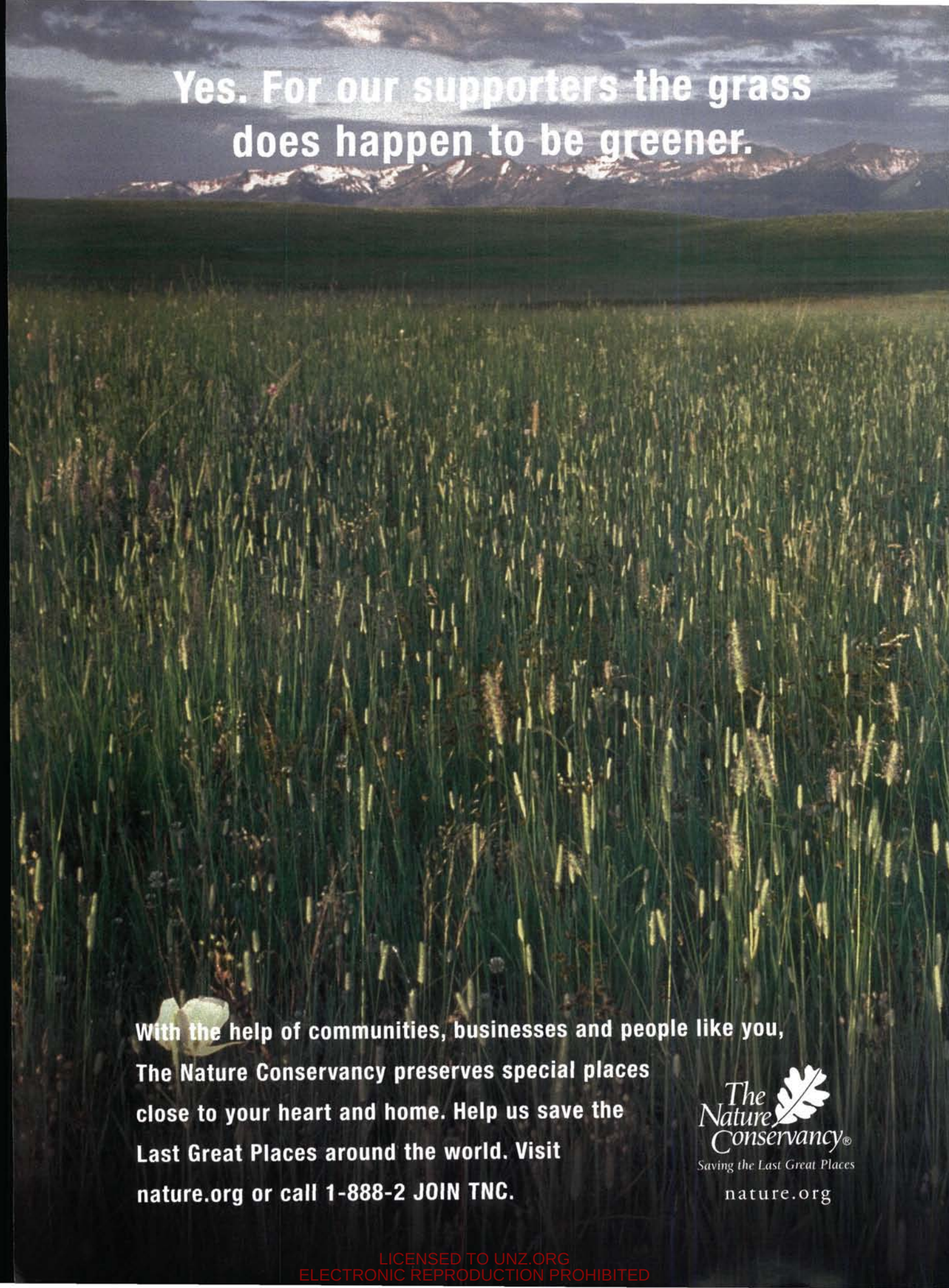

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THIS IS A COMBINED ISSUE. THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE WEEKLY STANDARD WILL APPEAR IN TWO WEEKS.

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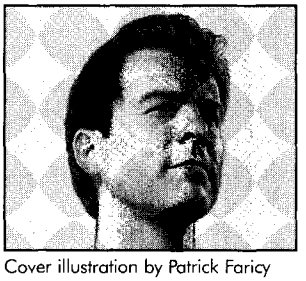

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Kathleen, We Hardly Knew Ye

In last week's cover story on Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, Matt Labash told you everything you wanted to know about Maryland's gubernatorial hopeful and, according to a few Kennedy-reviling readers, several things you didn't. But owing to space considerations, there were two fun facts we neglected to mention—facts which, if deployed correctly, will make you a star at any conservative cocktail party:

(1) Bobby Kennedy, Kathleen's father, not only worked for and regularly socialized with Senator Joe McCarthy, but he even asked Tailgunner Joe to be Kathleen's godfather.

(2) Townsend is famous for attracting out-of-state celebrity money, with donors including everyone from Marvin "The Entertainer" Hamlisch to the Trollope of autopsies, Patricia Cornwell. But by far, her most unexpected supporter would have to be the *American Spectator*'s editor-in-chief R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr., tormentor of Bill and Hillary Clinton and poster boy of cigar-and-brandy conservatism.

In 1994, the *Washington Times* reported that Tyrrell sent a $100 check to the Parris Glendening/Townsend campaign (Glendening ran for governor, Kathleen for lieutenant governor). "He's a friend of hers," Tyrrell's assistant explained to the *Times*. "He had received a letter from Townsend, and he sent the check in support of her. It's because of his friendship with her."

Townsend confirmed to us in an interview that she used to dine sporadically at Tyrrell-sponsored gatherings in the late 1980s. It seems an unlikely affinity, considering that Tyrrell once wrote of the Kennedy family in his book *Public Nuisances* that by the 21st century, "The brats will have come of age and Camelot will thus be carried on towards the twenty-second century. It is enough to make one yearn for the crack of doom."

In Maryland, doom's crack might be nigh. Townsend's lead over her Republican opponent Bob Ehrlich has dwindled to three points, and she has enraged many black supporters by not selecting a black running mate. If her liberal base gets wind of her taste in godfathers and dining companions, she might be looking for a gig at the risen-from-the-dead *American Spectator*. (By the way, welcome back, fellas.) ♦

Friends Who Hate

A couple of weeks ago, *Slate*'s Michael Kinsley complained about "a general smothering of debate about, or even interest in, the decision to go to war [with Iraq's Saddam Hussein] among citizens in general." We think this misreads the mood of citizens in general. It does, however, capture the malaise of certain members of the foreign policy elite (both inside and outside the Bush administration), more of whom seem to be antiwar than their fellow citizens probably realize.

That's because, if you're against the war, complaining about the absence of debate is easier than joining the losing side. The complaint is code for, "I'm desperately unhappy that most of the American people, George W. Bush first among them, are ready to dispatch Saddam Hussein. Won't somebody else please talk some sense into them?"

And after parsing some of their debating points, you can see why they might decide discretion is the better part of valor. Here, for instance, is Morton Halperin of the Council on Foreign Relations—an eminent veteran of several top positions in the Clinton administration foreign policy apparat—testifying on July 31 at Joe Biden's Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings on war with Iraq:

> It is not an accident that most of the terrorists came from countries deeply friendly to the United States that we have worked with for a very long time. And I think the danger that, if we have a friendly Iraqi regime, it will become for the first time a breeding ground of people who go elsewhere and plot to kill innocent Americans, is not only a risk but in my view is extraordinarily likely.

Umm—does anyone who hasn't practiced years of State Department voodoo believe that Saudi Arabia is "deeply friendly" to the United States? Is it conceivable that "a friendly Iraqi regime" will breed greater threats to Americans than the current regime? Is this the debate Michael Kinsley had in mind?

Let's help Halperin out: America, he fears, can't do better in Baghdad than the creepy regime we connive with in Riyadh. And let's stipulate that he's onto something. That "deeply friendly" Saudi monarchy has a lot to answer for. But that's no reason to lay off Baghdad. It's a reason to raise questions about *any* country that proves to be a "breeding ground of people who plot to kill innocent Americans." Nobody says the war on terror is going to be cheap, or easy, or short, or lacking in complications. Only that it's a war we have to fight and have to win. ♦

Democracy—Not Yet

From our friends at the *Far Eastern Economic Review* comes the following story: At a media event in Beijing announcing the U.N.'s annual Human Development Report—"Deepening

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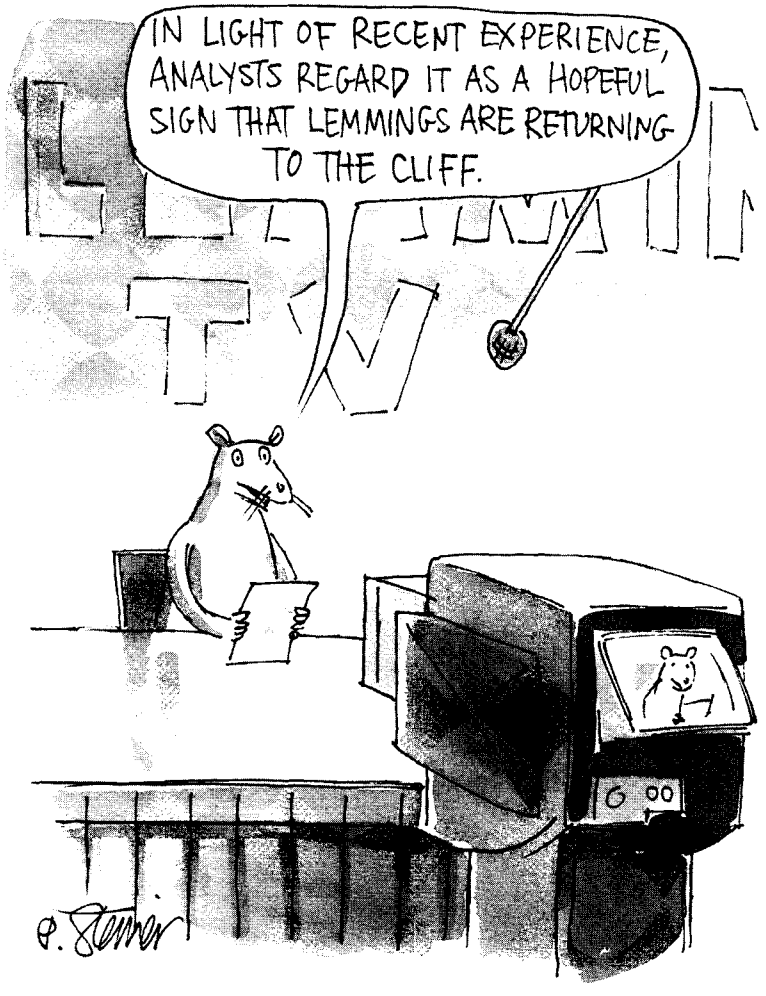

Democracy in a Fragmented World"—a Chinese political scientist stated that "democratic or good governance is an unshakable goal of China's political development." Asking the obvious follow-up was a Japanese journalist who inquired: "Is it really possible to talk about democratic reform in China, when it still looks a long way away when the average person will be able to select the Jiang Zemins or the Li Pengs who actually rule the country?" Good question. Too bad Kerstin Leitner of the U.N. stepped in at that point to protect the Chinese academic from having to answer, saying, "This has nothing to do with what we are discussing here." Yes, and we might add, the U.N. has nothing to do with human development, either. ♦

"Tear Down This Firewall"

The House Policy Committee has now taken up the cause of Internet freedom around the globe—the cute title above is from their new report, which denounces restrictions on Internet access under non-democratic regimes around the world. The usual suspects—Cuba, Laos, North Korea, the People's Republic of China, Russia, Saudi Arabia, Syria, and Tunisia—are rounded up as the most notorious violators.

In North Korea, dictator Kim Jong Il has forbidden all servers or Internet connections to the outside world, making it, the report points out, "the only country on Earth where the Internet doesn't exist." In the other nations, ISP access is owned by the state and content carefully controlled, or e-mail addresses are made prohibitively expensive to discourage widespread use.

Attention to the problem of global Internet censorship is long overdue, as THE WEEKLY STANDARD has pointed out on several occasions (see especially Ethan Gutmann's "Who Lost China's Internet?" Feb. 25, 2002), so we're pleased to see Rep. Christopher Cox's committee taking up the cause.

The report rather dramatically claims that "the future of human rights, democracy, and freedom throughout the world depend on" a U.S. policy of global Internet freedom. But it shortsightedly claims that the private sector, including for-profit corporations and non-governmental organizations, provides the best mechanism for defeating the various forms of government censorship. In fact, as the China example has shown, the private sector can be overly eager to collaborate with despotisms, if doing so beefs up the bottom line.

Still, admitting you have a problem is the first step toward a cure. And most of the recommendations are fine. The U.S. government, the committee urges, should make "public and prominent" denunciations of Internet censorship, complain to the U.N., and compile "an annual report on countries that pursue policies of Internet censorship, blocking and abuses."

And maybe some public-spirited hackers can pitch in, too. ♦

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Casual

The Name Game

Names are destiny. If you had a son in the late '60s or early '70s and named him Maximilian or Zacharia or Noah, you knew for a certainty that in 15 years he'd be in his room with his comic book collection, not making time upstairs with a girl named Brandy. If you named your daughter Brandy, at 15 she would be off God knows where with some boy with a car, and that boy would probably be named Brad.

And it wouldn't be her fault. It would be yours. Brandys go out. If you had named her Millicent, you could have slept the peaceful slumber of parents who know their daughters aren't riding in cars with boys.

Names count for a lot. Sure, there are placebo names that don't influence people's lives, like Joe, Mary, and John. Bobs never feel the force of their name pushing them through life. But sometimes—especially in sports—a name is fate.

For an athlete, the right name can even guarantee glory. The local minor league baseball team I follow, the Potomac Cannons, has had a string of players over the last few years with what can only be described as "baseball names." Covelli Crisp, Esix Sneed, Dustin Brisson, Damon Ponce de Leon. These boys had no choice: They were destined for sports as soon as the ink dried on their birth certificates—and not just any sport, either.

Baseball has always been home of the name too quirky to be true. Long before Covelli and Esix were slugging for the Cannons, the majors were full of great, goofy names: Napoleon Reyes, Kermit Wahl, Delbert Rice, Cadwallader Coles, Gordon Goldsberry. Some players tried to hide their names: Wilbur Wakamatsu, for instance, went by "Don." Others understood that a good name was integral to success. As "John Peter," Honus Wagner would never have had his 3,418 hits and .327 lifetime batting average. Of course, adopting a baseball name doesn't cinch things. Honus's older brother, Butts Wagner, played only 74 games in the bigs. He couldn't escape the stuffiness of his given name, "Albert."

The players who don't have quirky names have ur-American names, the kind that make you want to stand up and salute, like Sammy Sosa, Derek Jeter, Bo Hart, and Billy Deck. (What's doubly strange is that some of these American names are given to guys who weren't born here. Go figure.) Say what you want about free will—there was no way Mrs. Deck's little boy was going to grow up to work for Greenpeace.

There are basketball names, too, which also fall into two categories. The first are the creative spellings, like Anfernee Hardaway, Dajuan Wagner, Antawn Jamison, Jumaine Jones, Jeryl Sasser, DeShawn Stevenson, DerMarr Johnson, Damone Brown, and Ervin Johnson. Dontae´ Jones tells the story that after he was born, his mother sat in the hospital and, while filling out his birth certificate, decided to put an accent mark at the end of his name because she liked the way it looked. Which is fitting: Basketball, the sport of imagination and improvisation, has the most whimsical names.

At the same time, other basketball players have names that are positively regal: Sixer greats Maurice Cheeks and Julius Erving could have been Victorian novelists. Chauncey Billups sounds like a playwright, and Ruben Boumtje-Boumtje will surely be elected secretary general of the United Nations someday—remember, he speaks three languages and got his degree from Georgetown. Lawrence Funderburke and Nick (originally Nicholas?) Van Exel should have castles in Europe. And then there's the most sublime name in basketball history: God Shamgod. Alas, the Providence guard never found much success in the NBA because, clearly, his eponym intended him for baseball.

The fellows in golf don't sound like athletes so much as society-page caricatures, but their names are just as loaded. Payne Stewart. Hale Irwin. Dudley Hart. Other golfers, like Heath Slocum and Davis Love III, sound like refugees from lost F. Scott Fitzgerald novels. A hundred years ago, they might have had a choice of careers. They could have been dissipated Manhattan bachelors or plantation owners. In modern America, if you're born Loren Roberts, you better get a 9-iron for your first birthday, because it's off to the links for you.

And what about the hearty men who play hockey? They have names like fancy European sports cars—rough and ready hockey names. Jaromir Jagr, Igor Kravchuk, Darius Kasparaitis, Miroslav Satan, Jeff Beukeboom, Brad Bombardir (I bet he gets the girls). No figure skating or curling or particle physics for these lads. It was hockey or death.

I've led a sinful life, so I'm sure one day God will give me a son as a little pre-purgatory warm-up. I think I'll name him Flashman. Flash Last. But I'm not quite sure what sport it is.

Jonathan V. Last

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The Birth of the Modern Mind

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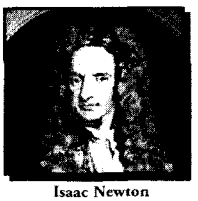
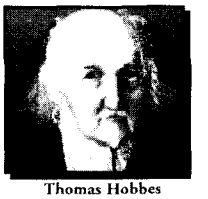
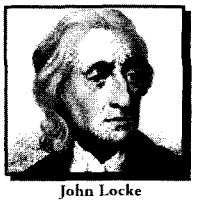
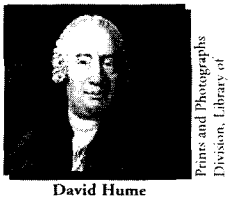

Isaac Newton

René Descartes

Blaise Pascal


Thomas Hobbes


John Locke


David Hume

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Many of the basic concepts shaping our world are "young" ideas, no more than a few centuries old. Modern science, technology, democratic government, natural rights, and even a general tendency to be open to innovation are a few examples. We take them as givens, even while we continue to debate their meaning and implications.

Where did these ideas come from? How are they related to one another, to ideas that came before, and to our problems and dilemmas today? How did they become so prominent so swiftly?

Professor Alan Charles Kors makes clear that any search for answers to these questions must reckon with the revolution of the intellect that swept Europe between 1600 and 1800—a revolution whose lights and shadows are all around us still. Changing accustomed ways of thought like few things before or since, it sparked what he calls "perhaps the most profound transformation [ever] of European, if not human, life."

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ALAN CHARLES KORS (Ph.D., Harvard University) is Professor of History at the University of Pennsylvania, where he has taught since 1968.

He is the author and editor of several books on European intellectual history, including *D'Holbach's Coterie: An Enlightenment in Paris, Atheism in France, 1660-1729: The Orthodox Sources of Disbelief:* and *Anticipations of the Enlightenment in England, France, and Germany.*

He has won two awards for distinguished college teaching and the Engalitcheff Award for defense of academic freedom. With Harvey A. Silverglate, he is co-author of *The Shadow University: The Betrayal of Liberty on America's Campuses, published in October (1998).*

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Diplomacy

Christopher Caldwell's "The Reign of Spain" (July 29) calls to mind a related episode a few months back: Morocco's young king Mohamed VI hosted Colin Powell and, in front of the world media, demanded why his guest, the secretary of state of a global superpower, was visiting him instead of being in Jerusalem. Both episodes suggest that the brash young king has big dreams, or at least a big mouth.

Izak Dimenstein
La Grange, IL

The Blame Game

As an ex-speechwriter for former California governor Pete Wilson, I feel compelled to respond to an erroneous characterization in Stephen Moore's grim but otherwise accurate take on California's sad state of fiscal affairs ("Going For Broke," July 22).

Moore writes: "In fact, Wilson's income tax hikes in 1991 threw the state into its last deep recession." Wrong. California was already plunging into its worst recession since the Great Depression well before Wilson took the oath of office. To the extent that the state was losing 1,000 jobs a day, higher taxation wasn't the culprit. The problem was a piddling political detail—the end of the Cold War, which decimated California's defense and aerospace job sectors.

Four years later, when California's economy had transformed from over-reliance on federal defense money to a "new economy" driven by technology, trade, and tourism, the state came roaring back from fiftieth to first in the nation in job creation. That growth was enhanced by a series of tax cuts and regulatory reforms crafted by Wilson in consultation with Hoover Institution economists.

To attribute the recession to Wilson, who raised taxes but once (Ronald Reagan did it twice as California's governor, in 1967 and 1971), is not only bad political spin, it fails to grasp where Wilson fit into the timing and triage of events a decade ago. It's like saying that an emergency-room physician treating a ruptured aorta is somehow responsible for the patient's blood loss.

It's worth noting that California, unlike Washington, D.C., requires a balanced budget. For Wilson, in 1991, that meant figuring a way to make up for a $14 billion hole in a $43 billion budget without shredding the state's government safety net. If anyone thinks it can be done effortlessly, and without raising taxes, I encourage The Weekly Standard's readers to take out pencil and paper and try to find close to $700 billion in spending cuts in the current federal budget. That's the scale of the challenge Wilson faced in 1991—a challenge Gray Davis evidently can't handle at present.

Bill Whalen
Research Fellow, Hoover Institution
Stanford, CA

Fear and Loathing in DC

David Brooks's "Why Republicans Should Be Afraid" (July 29) left me wanting a counterweight, something a bit more optimistic. Then I turned the page, and there was "He's No LBJ," dished up by Fred Barnes. Although Barnes probably didn't write the article as a counter to the Brooks piece, it is full of ammunition for Republicans facing a tough election season.

Republicans should exploit Daschle's failings the way Democrats used Gingrich in 1996. Under Daschle's iron fist, Senate Democrats have been behaving like a Latin American junta, determined to bring down the president at any cost. He has been practicing smarmy, obstructionist tactics while bragging about his bipartisanship, and all the while getting the kid glove treatment from the press.

The Republican party must educate the voting public about how a few people in the Senate are keeping the government in suspended animation on key issues and legislation under Daschle's leadership. When faced with doing what is right for the country or doing what is right for his career, he has repeatedly chosen the latter.

By exposing the tactics of fear based on loathing we have been put through for the last 19 months, Republicans will have a better shot at regaining the upper hand on Election Day.

Brent Hall
Belleview, FL

Backwards and in Heels

Blessings on Lee Bockhorn for shooting down that silly cliché about Ginger Rogers doing everything Fred Astaire did, except backwards and in high heels ("Fred & Ginger," July 29). Bockhorn unwittingly repeats another cliché, though, when he calls Astaire's singing "underrated." I've heard so many times that Astaire's singing was underrated that I suspect it can't really be as underrated as all that. (If a dancer ever did have an underrated singing voice, it was that other great Hollywood hoofer, Gene Kelly.)

However, that's a minor point in a delightful article with a wise message about restraint being an aid, not an impediment, to romance. Now if only Hollywood could relearn that lesson.

Gina Dalfonzo
Springfield, VA

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the weekly Standard

Treating Enemies Like Criminals

Abroad in the land, needless to say, there is plentiful criticism of the Bush administration's purported tendency to deny terrorism suspects the judicially supervised civil liberties protections of the regular criminal law. Also abroad in the land—in an Alexandria, Virginia, federal district court, for specific example—there is plentiful evidence about the administration's *actual* handling of such suspects. And the circle cannot be squared, it seems to us.

Self-described al Qaeda operative Zacarias Moussaoui is on trial for his life, charged with conspiracy in connection with the September 11 hijackings. Representing himself *pro se*, and altogether lost at sea in the regular criminal law, Moussaoui is talking himself closer to a death sentence with every passing week. This, despite the fact that the government's case against him, so far as anyone can tell, is based entirely on inference. According to "sources familiar with tens of thousands of documents that have been assembled for the case," *Newsweek*'s Michael Isikoff reports, "there's nothing that shows Moussaoui ever had contact with any of the 9-11 hijackers." And "some documents even suggest internal FBI doubts over whether Moussaoui really was supposed to be the '20th hijacker.'"

Mind: Zacarias Moussaoui is plainly a fanatic, a very dangerous man, and he needs, at minimum, to be locked safely away for the duration of the war. That much isn't really in question. What is—or should be—in question, we think, is the process by which men like Moussaoui might best be consigned to their necessary fate. Moussaoui, more or less by his own reckoning, was an enthusiastic and active participant in a terrorist war against the United States, sent here, under cover, to do us harm. Thus, he would appear to have been a near-perfect candidate for one of those military-tribunal trials, the government's mere contemplation of which recently had the nation's editorial-page underwear in such a knot. Or perhaps no kind of trial at all was appropriate for Moussaoui, and he should instead have been designated an "enemy combatant," a status he himself has now all but explicitly embraced. Then he could have been whisked off to a military brig somewhere for isolation and interrogation, much as the government has whisked off any number of lower-profile al Qaeda creatures—to the ostentatious horror of Ashcroft-haters everywhere.

But no. The Bush Justice Department has taken its less than legally overwhelming criminal case against Moussaoui into U.S. district judge Leonie Brinkema's courtroom. There the defendant is being offered all the same procedural rights and guarantees to which an honest-to-God American citizen would be entitled. Some of which rights Moussaoui has already thrown away from pure ignorance, thereby threatening to turn his trial into an abject farce.

Why has the Bush administration proceeded as it has—so scrupulously attentive to the ordinary legal niceties—with Zacarias Moussaoui, of all people? It would seem a mystery. It would certainly seem a mystery, at least, to the average trusting, loyal *New York Times* subscriber, who probably repeats it in his sleep by now, so many times has he been told that the president and his attorney general are raping the Constitution. We note that the *Times*, no doubt the better to preserve that monochromatic fantasy undisturbed, these days only rarely deigns to pronounce on the Moussaoui trial at all—and speaks in an uncharacteristic whisper when it does. We note, in fact, that most critics of the administration's "military" detention policies, the *Washington Post* honorably excepted, have conveniently declined to notice, much less express misgivings about, what's now unfolding before Judge Brinkema. Which represents, after all, those critics' stated preference for court-supervised procedures made embarrassingly real.

Be that as it may. The question remains: Why is Moussaoui giving speeches in an Alexandria courtroom? Why is he not under an MP's watch at Guantanamo Bay or Norfolk Naval Station? Late last year, when it came time once and for all to choose between these alternatives, the Bush administration surely understood that failure to grant Moussaoui a regular jury trial would generate ferocious "human rights" complaints, not just on Manhattan's West Side but all around the world. And surely, too,

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this unhappy prospect wasn't entirely irrelevant to the ultimate decision to seek and secure his formal indictment.

Notice first, though: Were it true, as it is so commonly and cavalierly suggested, that Bush, Ashcroft, and Co. are heedless of or even outright hostile to the Bill of Rights, then fear of civil libertarian reaction would indeed have been entirely irrelevant to their decision-making about Moussaoui. And consider a diametrically opposite possibility, as well: Were naked PR imperatives—rather than more elevated deliberations over legal principle, say—the paramount factor in Bush administration terrorist detention policies, then *all* the detainees would by now have been indicted, not just Moussaoui and a handful of others.

Our White House and Justice Department must be a tad more complicated than their critics let on. And that's putting it mildly. Properly considered, the case of Zacarias Moussaoui reveals a Bush administration inclined, both by instinct and conviction, to proceed where feasible—even in the absence of public pressure and even when the law does not require it—with quite striking caution about the "rights" of terrorism suspects.

The Moussaoui case reveals an administration inclined, by both instinct and conviction, to proceed where feasible with quite striking caution about the "rights" of terrorism suspects.

Back at the beginning, last August, Coleen Rowley and other agents in the FBI's Minneapolis field office wanted permission to conduct a secret search of Moussaoui's apartment and computer. But the Washington headquarters types said no, reasoning that the Bureau did not have requisite "probable cause" to believe that the proposed searchee was currently and directly operating for an identified terrorist organization. This sequence of events, which left Moussaoui immune from serious law enforcement scrutiny until after the September 11 hijackings, has since entered legend, of course. Agent Rowley, for instance, has become a "whistleblower" hero, star of splashy congressional hearings on how the FBI and its Justice Department superiors misunderstood and thus misapplied the "probable cause" standard embodied in the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act of 1978 (FISA). "Everybody knows" the feds should have been all over Moussaoui from the git-go.

But even this much is a ridiculous cartoon, as we have previously argued in these pages. The text and intent of FISA are reasonably clear. Agent Rowley was wrong; Washington was right: Last August, she and her Minneapolis officemates did not have "probable cause" to believe Moussaoui was actively working for a specific terrorist group. (Until a few weeks ago, in fact, when he suddenly pledged "*bayat*" to Osama bin Laden in open court, circumstantial evidence and common sense alone tied Moussaoui to al Qaeda.)

And there is more to say. The whole debate about FISA assumes—and the Bush administration officially shares the assumption—that executive branch conduct of national-security related physical and electronic surveillance may properly be regulated by such a legislative enactment in the first place. This is a dubious proposition, as it happens. The judiciary, for its part, has long and consistently refused to intervene against the executive where such matters are concerned, holding that the president retains an inherent and plenary power to protect the nation against foreign threat as he sees fit. One branch of our government cannot lawfully circumscribe the inherent and plenary powers of another. Insofar as it pretends to do so, FISA would appear to be unconstitutional. Nor does the Constitution independently impose any obvious limitation on a president's authority secretly to search something like Zacarias Moussaoui's laptop. The Fourth Amendment's "probable cause" requirement applies to "warrants" issued in connection with evidence employed in a criminal proceeding. It does not apply globally. It does not apply, for example, to searches or seizures designed to prevent somebody from crashing an airplane into the World Trade Center. And it does not apply to illegal aliens, like Moussaoui, at all.

In other words: The FBI might quite reasonably have pursued Zacarias Moussaoui last August, FISA notwithstanding, but did not. One year later, a mainstream, hardly crazy, civil-liberties-respecting Bush administration might at very least be asking Congress, also quite reasonably, to relax FISA's "probable cause" strictures—so that future Coleen Rowleys can snoop on future Zacarias Moussaouis without "violating" a law that likely isn't constitutional anyhow. But the Bush administration isn't doing that either. Republican senator Mike DeWine has proposed such an amendment to FISA, and even Democrats like Pat Leahy say they're open to the idea. Leahy's is too rough a constitutional sensibility for George W. Bush and John Ashcroft, though. At a hearing last Wednesday, CIA and Justice Department representatives told the Senate Select Intelligence Committee that DeWine's idea was inconsistent with the administration's vision of the Fourth Amendment.

News flash: Our president and his attorney general are, if anything, oversolicitous of the (imaginary) civil liberties of their war-on-terrorism POWS. But don't hold your breath waiting for the newspapers to notice.

—David Tell, for the Editors

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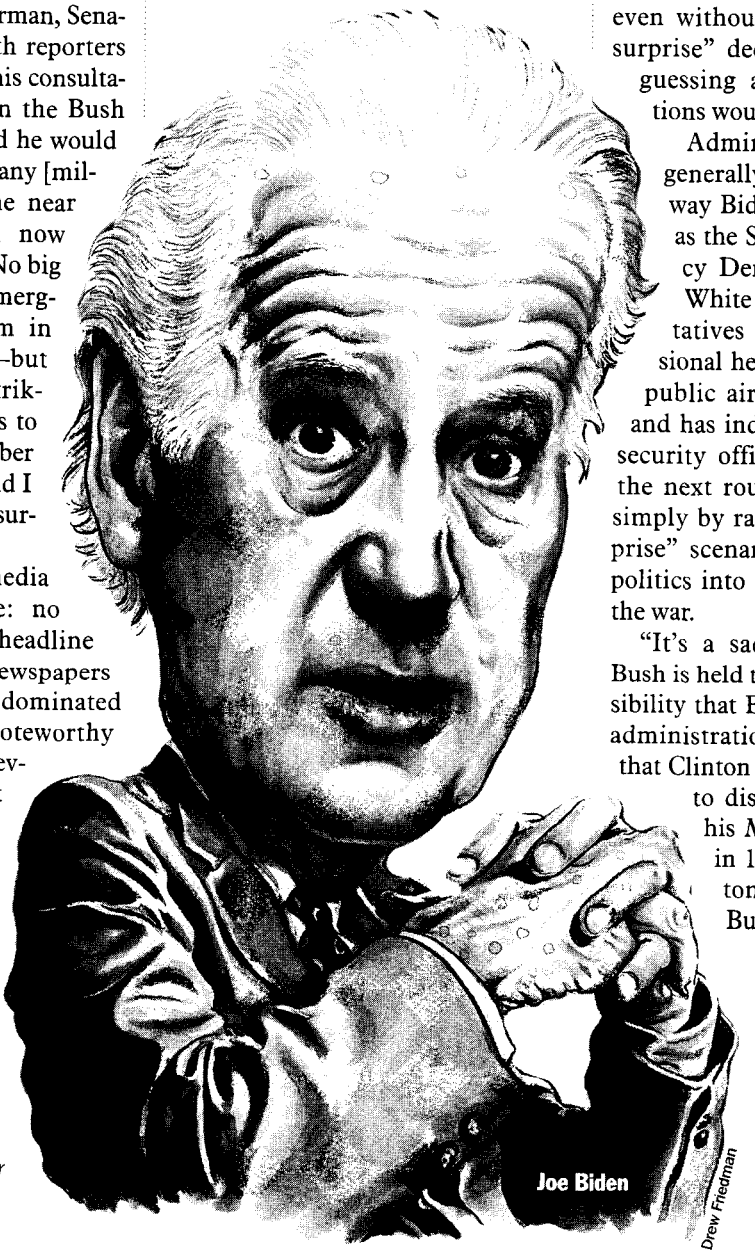
Wagging the Dog Revisited

Biden demands no October surprise, even if it would be a good idea. BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

HAS THE WAR ON IRAQ gone political? Already? One day before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee began its hearings to discuss the coming war in Iraq, the committee's chairman, Senator Joe Biden, shared with reporters some of what was said in his consultations with top officials in the Bush administration. Biden said he would be "surprised if there was any [military intervention] in the near term, meaning between now and the first of the year." No big news there—that's the emerging conventional wisdom in Washington these days—but his next comment was striking. "I even went so far as to ask if there were any October surprises," Biden said, "and I was told, 'No, no October surprises.'"

Predictably, the media hyped that bottom line: no October surprise. The headline was splashed across newspapers around the country and dominated television news. The noteworthy part of the exchange, however, was not the answer, but the question. After all, could Biden have reasonably expected to hear, "Yep, we've got it teed up for October 27, right before the midterm elections"?

Words matter. And the presumption behind Biden's question is clear: President Bush would consider committing troops to boost Republicans politically. Although Democrats on Capitol Hill had been whispering their concern that Bush might try to distract voters from his economic troubles by attacking Iraq, no one had dared raise this possibility aloud. Until Biden.


Joe Biden

Drew Friedman

But by asking the question and revealing the (meaningless) answer to the world, Biden has created a political environment in which it will be more difficult for the administration to launch an attack before November—even if military considerations called for one. If the White House, citing national security, launched an attack in late September, Washington would explode with speculation about a "wag-the-dog" scenario. And while some of that would have happened even without Biden's "No October surprise" declaration, such second-guessing about political motivations would be greatly intensified.

Administration sources have generally been pleased with the way Biden has handled his role as the Senate's key foreign policy Democrat. And while the White House sent no representatives to last week's congressional hearings, it supported that public airing of the "Iraq issue" and has indicated that top national security officials will likely attend the next round. But some say that simply by raising the "October surprise" scenario, Biden has injected politics into the coming debate over the war.

"It's a sad day when President Bush is held to a standard of irresponsibility that Bill Clinton set," says an administration official, suggesting that Clinton used airstrikes in Sudan to distract the country from his Monica Lewinsky ordeal in 1998. "Just because Clinton did it doesn't mean Bush would."

Administration sources insist that the president has not decided on the timing of an attack on Iraq, and that military intervention before November remains on the table. "It's a logical and responsible

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assumption that if circumstances warrant, he would do what is needed to be done in order to protect us," says a Pentagon official with knowledge of planning on Iraq. "There's nothing I've seen to suggest it'll be before November, but we certainly can't rule that out, either."

"The president has said all along that all options are on the table," says White House spokesman Ari Fleischer. "This is not the type of administration that runs around telling people about the timing of military action."

Some members of Congress—both Democrats and Republicans—have reservations about intervening militarily in Iraq at all, and there is a strong sense on Capitol Hill that the White House should consult with Congress before any offensive. At the same time, many Democrats, including Biden, have voiced support for removing Saddam Hussein. Biden even says there is "unanimity on one thing: If Saddam is still around in five years, we've got a problem."

If removing Saddam is in the national interest, as Biden suggests, shouldn't military considerations—rather than political ones—determine the timing of any attack? Among those strategic considerations is a coming change of leaders in Turkey. Elections there are set for November 3, and some say waiting until after that could jeopardize the deal struck last month between Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz and ailing Turkish prime minister Bulent Ecevit—basically, debt forgiveness for use of military bases.

On the other hand, the weather would seem to argue for a later attack date. Military planners say the intense desert heat, combined with the likelihood of troops' wearing heavy gear to protect from possible chemical and biological attacks, would increase the difficulty of launching an assault involving ground troops before December.

Either way, those are the kinds of considerations that should guide war planning—not the proximity of midterm elections. ♦

Mohamed Atta Was Here . . .

And met with Saddam Hussein's man in Prague.

BY FRED BARNES

Prague

MOHAMED ATTA, the leader of the September 11 hijackers, visited Prague twice in the fifteen months before the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center and Pentagon, in June 2000 and April 2001, and met with an Iraqi agent at least once during the second visit. Czech officials say they have a photograph of the meeting. Atta, who was not previously known to Czech authorities, turned up in routine surveillance by Czech counterintelligence officials of Ahmed al-Ani, a consul at the Iraqi embassy here. Whether Atta and al-Ani discussed plans for September 11 is unknown. But this is known: Iraq had targeted an American institution located in Prague, the headquarters of Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty. Before he was expelled from the Czech Republic last year, al-Ani was spotted—and photographed by RFE/RL officials—lingering outside the headquarters just off Wenceslas Square. Since September 11, the building has been guarded by Czech soldiers.

AP / Wide World Photos

The story of Atta's contact with an Iraqi agent has been disputed by some American and European officials. *Time*, the *Washington Post*, and *Newsweek*, plus other publications, have raised doubts about it. But last week Martin Palous, the Czech ambassador to the United States, gave me the same account of Atta's time in Prague as other Czech officials had given to *New York Times* columnist William Safire, who first wrote about the Atta visit last November. Palous was home in Prague for consultations and a vacation. Both Czech prime minister Milos Zeman and interior minister Stanislav Gross have also publicly confirmed the meeting between Atta and al-Ani.

The meeting has political and international importance. A connection between Iraq and Atta, an al Qaeda operative under Osama bin Laden, bolsters the case for military action by the United States to remove the Saddam Hussein regime in Iraq. President Bush has repeatedly said he intends to depose Saddam—without saying when. But some European leaders and American politicians have insisted a link to September 11 is needed to justify an attack on Iraq. While the meeting might not tie Saddam directly to those attacks, it does link Iraq to the al Qaeda terrorist network, to whom Iraqi agents might secretly have slipped biological, chemical, or nuclear weapons to be used against America. Atta was living in Florida and plotting the September

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11 hijackings at the time he made his two trips to Prague.

At the very least, al-Ani's presence outside RFE/RL's headquarters and an Iraqi message saying RFE/RL broadcasts into Iraq must be stopped implicate Iraq in a scheme to disable an American facility. The Iraqi message was intercepted shortly after RFE/RL began broadcasting into Iraq in October 1998. For eight hours daily, the broadcasts criticize Saddam's dictatorship and urge the adoption of democracy. (RFE/RL broadcasts to 34 countries, 18 of them predominantly Muslim.) From time to time, Egyptians and Yemenis have been seen outside the headquarters in Prague, appearing to check it out. Al-Ani, a top agent of Iraqi intelligence, was spotted only once. Saddam's first step, according to an informed source, was to send a special operative to Prague with $500,000 to be used to halt the broadcasts into Iraq. The operative is said to have embezzled the money. Then al-Ani took over the job, but he was deported. The broadcasts, known as Radio Free Iraq, continue.

The security of the RFE/RL headquarters became an issue in Washington last May when First Lady Laura Bush was planning a trip to Prague. Despite the threat of terrorism, she visited the headquarters, entering by the back door as a decoy car went to the front door. The building, a symbol of America, is now regarded as one of the four most prominent targets for terrorists in Europe. The other three are the U.S. embassies in London and Paris and Ramstein Air Base in Germany.

Czech officials have expressed alarm about an attack and proposed to relocate RFE/RL miles outside Prague at an abandoned Soviet military base. Thomas Dine, the head of RFE/RL, has noisily refused to move and, in a newspaper interview, accused the Czech government of having "capitulated to terrorism." There is suspicion, however, that the government's real motive is to regain the valuable property in downtown Prague, which is rented to RFE/RL for $1 a year. ♦

No Trophies for Terrorists

Israel should keep cameras away from scenes of carnage. BY DAVID GELERNTER

AT SOME POINT ISRAELIS are likely to start asking themselves: Why should we continue to let TV reporters and news photographers take pictures of terrorist murder scenes? Of dead and maimed Israelis, shocked bystanders, grieving families, blood in the streets?

Who gave TV cameras the right to be there in the first place? Exactly why should we allow the shoving of cameras in the faces of suffering people?

In any place at any time, it is intolerable that a hurt or grieving person should be required to run the TV-camera obstacle course for the gratification of spectacle-aficionados. In Israel today it is intolerable times ten, because we have every reason to assume that some Palestinians do not merely watch, they gloat. Surely the least any society owes to the wounded and their stricken friends and families is to shield them from cameramen catering to this bloodlust. After a terror-bombing we see the wounded rushed past on stretchers in their ripped-up clothing, covered in blood and dazed with pain—but with dignity intact, and so they do their best to shield their faces from the leering lenses. The intrepid cameramen must be proud.

Israel (in any case) is at war, and what could justify the bizarre practice of showing the enemy exactly what his latest attack has accomplished? In April 1941, the British government discontinued its weekly announcements of shipping lost to the Nazis. Thereafter announcements were made monthly. It seemed unnecessary to keep the Nazis absolutely up-to-date on their progress in strangling Britain. Churchill wrote to his Minister for Information: "When the comment is made that we are afraid to publish weekly because, as you say, 'we desire to cover up,' . . . the answer should be, 'Well, that is what we are going to do anyway.' Friends and enemies will no doubt put on their own interpretations."

More is at stake, though, than honor and dignity and wartime prudence. There is reason to believe that proto-terrorists aren't merely thrilled when they see Jews murdered and other Jews undone by grief; they are inspired. Such video sequences are the trophies of the TV age. The world's philosophers have fooled around with TV but haven't put into simple words TV's fundamental role nowadays in ratifying reality. If you haven't seen it on TV, it hasn't quite happened.

We know how important videotapes and TV have become in various parts of Arab society. We have heard about Al Jazeera. We know about videotaped messages from master terrorists, and videotaped murders. We can remember a generation back to the audio cassettes recorded in Paris that helped sweep Khomeini to power in Iran.

Suppose there were no more photos or videos of terrorist crime scenes; suppose they were banned under Israeli law. Suppose relatives and responsible authorities were notified immediately, and everyone else had to guess. Israel is a small, talkative country, and word would get out right away. Proto-terrorists would hear all about the latest attack—but their

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cherished trophies would be missing. No videotaped misery to celebrate. Mere word of mouth, which is pale by comparison. Words are powerful (or used to be), but the modern terrorist wants video.

Of course Israel is a democracy, where the government must report and be held accountable. But it could report in words instead of pictures. It could report weeks after the fact. All rational people accept limitations on their right to know in time of war.

Terror groups would no doubt respond at first by boasting about ever-increasing death tolls. But without pictures, the actual crimes would gradually dematerialize in proto-terrorist minds. Perhaps they'd be gassed up into great, zeppelin-sized myths—but myths are less inspiring now that they must compete with TV footage. Of course, suicide murderers who crave admission to the super-hot whorehouse on high have a reason to kill that is unrelated to TV coverage. But prospective murderers *do* want to be famous, like everybody else; we have seen their suicide notes, videotaped for worldwide distribution. If the great deed itself is not going to be on TV after all, if your posthumous career as a TV personality is going to be cruelly curtailed—does it still pay to kill and die? Not all potential murderers are the same. But if even one decided that, on second thought . . .

"Cycle of violence" is a phony phrase, suggesting that Israelis and Palestinians kill each other as part of some sort of tiresome Punch and Judy show. There is no "cycle of violence" in the Middle East; there are Jews being murdered, and there are consequences when they are murdered. (When *anyone* is murdered there are consequences—the "cycle of violence" is called "justice," except where Israelis are involved.) But it is possible that by allowing terrorist murders to de-materialize in the Palestinian mind (they will remain all too real to Israelis), Israeli governments could buy themselves some time and flexibility in planning their military responses. There might be many advantages to the only decent course.

Some people claim that, in an age of terrorist murder, Israel needs those TV pictures so that the world will understand her. But surely those who do not by now understand never will; and those who do understand will go on understanding without the gruesome pictures.

In one of history's great elegies, the future King David mourns Saul and Jonathan: "Your glory O Israel lies slain on the heights; How have the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, Proclaim it not in the courts of Ashkelon—lest the daughters of the Palestinians rejoice; lest the daughters of the Gentiles exult . . ." (II Sam. 1:19-20). The Hebrew "P'lishtim" is usually translated "Philistines," but can also be rendered "Palestinians." Three thousand years later, there is a brand new crop of "Palestinians" but the Jews are still fighting for a safe handhold in the land of Israel. They are still mourning, and their mourning is still nobody's business but their own, and (as usual) the future king said it exactly right. ♦

Michael Ramirez

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KRT / Chris Walker, Chicago Tribune

U.S. Rangers in Somalia

Baghdad Is Not Mogadishu

The war in Iraq will be nothing like the Somalia debacle. BY GARY SCHMITT & TOM DONNELLY

IN A FLURRY of recent articles speculating on the nature of a potential U.S. invasion of Iraq, reporters and commentators have raised a "nightmare" scenario: that a battle for Baghdad would turn into a second Mogadishu. With virtually no chance to survive—let alone win—a force-on-force conflict outside of Iraq's capital, Saddam would retreat to the close quarters of the streets of Baghdad, the thinking goes. There, the Iraqi army would exact a tremendous price in American blood. In effect, the fighting in Baghdad would be an epic version of the 1993 battle of Mogadishu, as chronicled in the book *Black Hawk Down* and dramatized in the recent movie.

But the only thing epic about this scenario is its distortion of recent history. Indeed, almost every aspect of a fight in Iraq—political, strategic, operational, and tactical—would be fundamentally different from that in Somalia.

The biggest and most obvious difference would be in the American government's will to win. In Somalia, the first Bush administration thought it was simply delivering food to starving people, and the Clinton administration was unwilling to back a broader agenda with a larger and adequately equipped force. In Iraq, by contrast, President George W. Bush has left no doubt that he means to remove Saddam Hussein and his henchmen from power. Accordingly, where the Clinton administration could walk away from Somalia without fundamental harm to its national security strategy, the Bush administration must succeed in Iraq. The Bush Doctrine—the essence of Bush's presidency—depends upon it. A half-hearted campaign is not in the cards. The fact is, while "will" is not the only ingredient required for success in war, it matters a great deal. And in a world with a single superpower, it is the essential variable.

Operationally, fighting in Baghdad would be part of a larger campaign to "take down" all of Iraq as rapidly as possible. Indeed, as the *New York Times* reported last week, attacks on Baghdad could well come in the initial phase of a larger Iraq campaign. And even if it didn't come first, any "siege of Baghdad" would follow quickly upon successes elsewhere across the country. Given the overwhelming advantage the Americans and their allies would hold outside the city, Iraqi forces (both elite and not) would realize this was the end of the line for Saddam and company. Whether the leaders of the Republican Guard would fight to the death at that point is unknowable, but it is likely the rank and file would not. Iraq's soldiers know that an American conquest of their capital will not result in the wholesale destruction of their homes and the slaughter of their families.

However Saddam came to power and ruled in his early days, he has remained in power by creating overwhelming fear among his subordinates. Once he loses the ability to sustain that fear, how can he maintain the discipline and loyalty of a sufficient number of troops to hold out in Baghdad?

No doubt some in Saddam's inner circle figure that, once captured, they will be held accountable for the crimes they have perpetrated against their countrymen. On the other hand, being captured, tried by an international tribunal, and sentenced to life in prison beats dying a violent death for the sake of a tyrannical thug. No doubt many of Saddam's cronies will prefer to rip off their uniforms and try to disappear into the crowds of Baghdad or into the countryside en route to escaping from the country. This was the choice made by many in Manuel Noriega's Panama Defense Force in 1989 (when, by the way, there was significant urban combat). Once Noriega's officers and soldiers reckoned that he would no longer be ruling Panama—and that the Americans would—their perception of their own interests was reversed. Generals in Iraq who have understood President Bush's rhetoric over the past year may already have made this calculation.

Finally, the tactical situation facing U.S. troops in Baghdad would be different from that in Mogadishu. Their purpose would be to capture the city and destroy the last remnants of organized resistance—a conventional, if

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difficult, operation—not to arrest an individual using only elite forces in a "strike and grab" operation.

Where Somali warlord Mohamed Farah Aideed's clansmen had spies inside the U.N. headquarters and were able to observe American operations close at hand over a period of months, including several operations targeted at Aideed and his command structure, an Iraqi force in Baghdad would have no such experience. They would surely "prepare the battlefield," as soldiers say—boobytrapping buildings, for example—but their ability to predict precise U.S. tactics would not be enhanced by the kind of preparation the Somalis had.

While operations in Baghdad would depend upon infantry, these ground units would be supported by tremendous firepower and a full array of intelligence assets. American air forces would win command of the skies even faster than in 1991, despite the Iraqis' continuing efforts to mount air defenses. While every Baghdad rooftop is a potential gun site, the effectiveness of Iraqi air defenses would be rapidly reduced.

Perhaps even more important, U.S. troops in Baghdad would have lots of protection and firepower of their own. The armored vehicles that proved necessary to rescue the Rangers and other special operations forces in Mogadishu would be involved in the fighting—not parked in a compound miles away under U.N. command. The skies would be filled with Apache attack helicopters.

In short, the U.S. military would not be fighting in the Iraqi capital with one hand tied behind its back. There is no question that urban fighting can be difficult and dangerous. But the narrowly focused, high-risk operations of Mogadishu shed little light on what a battle for Baghdad would be like.

One should never be overconfident in war or anxious to put the lives of American servicemen and women at risk. But it's just as wrong to conjure up scenarios that owe more to the imagination than to sound military assessments. ♦

"The Deal with Older Guys"

There's a good reason Americans support parental notification laws. BY ERIC FELTEN

EVERYONE SEEMS TO AGREE that Texas Supreme Court Justice Priscilla Owen, President Bush's nominee for a spot on the U.S. Court of Appeals for the 5th Circuit, has about as much chance of getting past Judiciary Committee Democrats as James Traficant has of getting back into Congress. The reason: The "pro-choice" lobby has made her defeat its Number One priority.

What disqualifies Owen, in the eyes of the National Abortion and Reproductive Rights Action League (NARAL) and other critics, is her decision to uphold a Texas "parental notification" law. That law requires a minor, if she wants an abortion without her parents knowing about it, to demonstrate to a judge one of three things: (1) that she is sufficiently mature and well informed to make the decision herself; (2) that notification would not be in her "best interest"; or (3) that her parents would react to the news with physical, sexual, or emotional abuse.

Parental notification laws are tricky for the abortion rights crowd. Somewhere around three-fourths of Americans favor statutes that require girls under 18 to get their parents' consent for an abortion. Not having had much luck dissuading voters—there are 42 states with laws requiring some type of parental consent or notification—Planned Parenthood, NARAL, and other abortion-rights groups have concentrated on creating enough loopholes and exceptions in those laws to make them ineffectual. For example, suspending parental notification when a judge deems a girl sufficiently mature would normally make an excellent loophole, as long as judges are willing to take an elastic view of what counts as maturity. Justice Owen was not.

It's hard to blame her. After all, if parents are kept in the dark, who looks out for the best interests of underage girls? In practice it is the clinic workers, the ones counseling pregnant teens, who assume the burden of protecting girls' welfare. Which is why in most states, doctors, nurses, counselors, and other abortion-clinic workers are held to the same standard as doctors, nurses, and counselors in any other health care facilities: That is, they have a legal obligation to report child abuse when they see evidence of it. So it is worth asking how well clinics are fulfilling their role—and responsibilities—as advocates for troubled girls. The answer, it seems, is not well at all.

Life Dynamics is an aggressive, Texas-based antiabortion group. Mark Crutcher, who runs the group, has for years used lawsuits to harass doctors who provide abortions. Looking to lay the groundwork for a class-action lawsuit against abortion providers, Crutcher devised a way to test whether clinic staff would report child abuse when they saw it. Crutcher's group made and recorded some 800 phone calls to clinics around the country. (It is legal in Texas for a party to a phone call to record it without the other party's permission.) In each call, a woman pretending (very convincingly) to be 13 years old explains to the clinic that she is pregnant by her 22-year-old boyfriend; she asks if her boyfriend can bring her in for an

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abortion. Listening to the tapes, it is abundantly clear that the clinic counselors know where their duty lies—they are legally obliged to blow the whistle on the "boyfriend"—but that most have no desire to do their duty.

Consider this call to a clinic in Colorado, in which the "13-year-old" is interrupted the moment she mentions the age of her boyfriend.

CLINIC: Okay, let me stop you right there because if you tell me anything else, I have to call the police.
CALLER: Why?
CLINIC: Because you're 13 and your partner's 22, right?
CALLER: Yeah.
CLINIC: That's against the law. I have to report it by law.
CALLER: Oh.
CLINIC: So I don't want to know your name or anything about you if you don't want me calling the police.
CALLER: Okay.
CLINIC: So what you need to do is you need to call completely anonymously and, you know, talk to someone on our appointment line. And don't tell us anything about who your partner is.

never reported anybody."

Planned Parenthood, whose clinics received the lion's share of the phone calls, has been loath to discuss what is on the tapes, instead issuing a statement dismissing "the reliability of staged tapes of supposed telephone conversations surreptitiously prepared by Life Dynamics, an organization with a notorious anti-Planned Parenthood agenda."

For his part, Crutcher has never tried to hide the fact that his sting operation is part of his litigious, antiabortion agenda. He says the results are proof that clinics have "made a conscious decision to conceal the sexual exploitation of children and protect the men who commit these crimes."

What exactly is Planned Parenthood's attitude towards statutory rape? In a word, relaxed. Consider a column on Planned Parenthood's award-winning website for the underage set, *www.teenwire.com*, headlined "The Deal With Older Guys." The article—illustrated by a picture of a girl in pigtails (that's right, pigtails) and a man with a snappy van dyke on his chin—starts out with a catalog of the obvious benefits of Lolitahood. "A major piece of eye-candy asked you out. You're floating. Not only is he gorgeous, but he's older. Older equals sophisticated. He has money, a car, a job, an apartment, experience, adventure, and excitement. He doesn't have a curfew, parents on his case, homework, or acne. What's not to like?" But soon the article switches to a more cautious tone. "He's been around. You're thinking, 'He can transport me to ecstasy. He can teach me the ins and outs (so to speak) of sex.' On the other hand, he's been with a heap of partners. Increasing the chance he'll pass on 'the gift that keeps on giving'—a sexually transmitted infection."

The article continues with some helpful warning signs of the older guys one should steer clear of. For example, if "he treats females disrespectfully [and] calls women 'hos' or 'sluts.' Watch out." But just when it looks as though their advice will be that, all things considered, a 13-year-old really shouldn't be sleeping with predatory men in their 20s, the column delivers this conclusion: "So are all older guy/younger girl relationships dangerous, harmful, and sick? Of course not."

Does it matter that Planned Parenthood and other abortion providers are, at best, willing to turn a blind eye to statutory rape? After all, few people can work up much indignation over the indiscretion of two high school students in love, one of whom happens to have just passed his eighteenth birthday. (That is, few other than the girl's father should he happen to be on the old-fashioned side.) But as the Life Dynamics sting demonstrated, Planned Parenthood staffers are inclined to look the other way, not just when 17-year-olds are involved, but when a 13-year-old confesses that she is having sex with a man nearly 10 years her senior.

This is a habit of mind and action that has dangerous consequences. Early this year a 10-year-old girl went to her Bridgeport, Conn., doctors,

Planned Parenthood's wink and a nod at statutory rape

That call is representative of what Life Dynamics calls the "overwhelming majority" of the calls it placed. And indeed, listening to a sampling of the conversations, one hears a surfeit of such conspiratorial catch phrases as "I'll pretend I never heard that" and "Forget that you told me that." Clinic staff are exceedingly helpful at coaching the caller in how to keep her boyfriend's age a secret. A Kentucky counselor assures the caller that, though the clinic is supposed to report her pregnancy to the police as evidence of statutory rape, "we've

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who discovered that she was pregnant. A pregnant 10-year-old is, by definition, walking evidence of sexual abuse. But the doctors, Mukesh Shah and Ann Lule, failed to report the pregnancy to the Connecticut Department of Children and Families. Likewise the Summit Women's Center, a clinic that performs abortions. (The girl in the end didn't get an abortion.)

Luckily, the girl's mother called the police, and on April 17, they arrested a man named Jimmy Kave. According to police, Kave confessed to having had sex with the girl repeatedly since January 2001. Kave, it is worth noting, is 75 years old, has a 1984 conviction for child sexual assault in New Haven, and met the little girl through an "Adopt-a-Godparent" program that pairs kids with seniors.

The girl, now 11, gave birth in May. She and her child are in the custody of the state of Connecticut. (Kave is in a different sort of custody, though he is now denying paternity and has given blood for a DNA test.) But if the girl had gone ahead with an abortion and no one had reported it, she might still be spending her afternoons in Kave's apartment. Such is "the deal with older guys." ♦

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Ich Bin Ein Slacker

The demise of the German work ethic.

BY JEFFREY GEDMIN

Berlin

BREAKFAST IN BERLIN is brilliant. My favorite place to go is the Mokkabar, a café in Kreuzberg, the district where violent lefties used to blow up cars and that the city's Turks have always called home. Today, Kreuzberg, at least the neighborhood of the Mokkabar, has calmed down. It's lively, gentrified, charming, and true *Multikulti*, as the Germans say. I used to think European breakfasts were always those underwhelming little plates with a couple of pieces of hundred-grain bread and a vastly underboiled egg.

Not so in Berlin. Here you get plates—platters, really—stacked with salmon, fresh cheeses, assorted meats, scrambled eggs, a variety of fruit, warm croissants, bagels, and pancakes if you like. Everyone drinks the Berliner Milchkaffee, a delicious café au lait, served in a bright and colorful oversized coffee cup nearly the size of a small beer stein. There are plenty of freshly squeezed juices. Take your pick.

There's only one catch: The service at the Mokkabar, like nearly that at every restaurant and bar in the city, is, well, miserable. This is not the French waiter syndrome. True, there's plenty of anti-Americanism to go around among Euro-Gaullist elites. But the average Berliner, unlike the Parisian, for example, feels relaxed and actually likes the Americans. I haven't yet encountered an ordinary burgher drooling with rage over the death penalty in America or our skepticism about the International Criminal Court. No, this has nothing to do with Americans or other foreigners for that matter.

It turns out millions of Germans are suffering every day, too. I used to think we Americans had our problems. We do. But then I learned a secret: Bad service in Germany is about a system (this is the country of Hegel, after all, and everything in Germany is a system).

Once upon a time, Germans had a world-class work ethic. But as the economy prospered and the welfare state grew over the years, it gave way to a world-class German leisure ethic. Germans spend quite a bit of time on this. The German daily *Süddeutsche Zeitung* recently published four pages on "the Science of Vacation." A lead article discussed "The Problems of Relaxation: A Phenomenology of a Distorted Perception." In another piece, a professor from the University of Marburg speculated that certain vacations could result in a decrease in IQ of about three-quarters of a point. Having fun has become serious business in Germany.

It's no wonder. Germans have a 38-hour work week, five to six weeks' vacation annually, plus Good Friday, Easter Monday, Ash Wednesday, Ascension Thursday, Pentecost, All Saints' Day, Labor Day, National Unity Day, and a good handful of other holidays, depending on what state you live in. Germans also get a bonus in the summer called *Urlaubsgeld*—vacation money. It's easy to see how managing free time can get stressful. For some Germans, their

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adrenaline flows more talking about being elected vice president of the tennis club than being promoted to vice president of their business.

Back to the Mokkabar. Once upon a time Germans also had their equivalent to the "customer is always right" ("*Der Kunde ist König*," they used to say, or, "the customer is king"). Today, though, the employee has become emperor in the "social-market economy," which means when it comes to service, if you are on the customer's side of things you usually lose. In a restaurant like my Mokkabar, for instance, it's easy to sit endlessly waiting for even a menu, while the waitresses chain-smoke and sip espresso at the bar.

Employees in Germany enjoy generous mandated breaks and, for some, even a *Pinkelpause* (literally, a "peeing break," to which the worker has a legal right since the normal breaks are generally not considered to be enough). Match this up with a strong sense of superiority in the relationship, and it all spells trouble if you want to boldly ask something like, "What's the soup of the day?"

Everyone has his sad customer stories. Last week, I took a blazer to an alterations shop in a busy downtown area near Friedrichstrasse first thing in the morning. I could not find a needle and thread at home and needed a simple button sewn back on. This was Wednesday morning and the young woman on the other side informed me that I could pick up the jacket next Tuesday. When I asked if there was not some kind of express service—I needed the jacket that night—she scowled. This, it seems, was the express service.

A senior business executive related to me recently how he called for weeks across all Berlin to find a custom shirt maker who would make him a dozen shirts with his initials on the bottom. Custom shirt makers, you can find. But they make the shirts apparently just the way they, the shirt makers that is, want them. That means no initials in Berlin. Shop hours are still highly restrictive. On evenings and on weekends, at least Saturdays starting at 4 P.M., the employee enjoys his "social protection" and the customer is a lonely, forlorn guy. (Maybe you want to get away from it all. Book a seat on a German train by phone and you pay extra to the railway for each minute you wait to talk to a booking agent. If you don't like that and want to file a complaint, there's a special hotline you can dial—but that call will also cost you.)

Imagine, foolish me. I once naively thought you could rent a video here on a Sunday. Think again. You can also see why waiting, even forever, for a Milchkaffee and brunch at the Mokkabar is not such a bad idea. ♦

Bushophobia on West 43rd Street

The *New York Times*'s daily rant.

BY ERIN SHELEY

ON TWO CONSECUTIVE DAYS last week, the *New York Times* advanced its crusade against military action in Iraq with page-one "news" stories—the first detailing a leaked war plan, the second predicting dire effects for the U.S. economy. While these prominently featured pieces occasioned much comment, lesser instances of the *Times*'s political use of its news columns are commonplace and also deserve attention.

Writing in the *New York Sun* on July 19, Andrew Sullivan cited, for example, the *Times*'s reporting of one of its own polls. Although the survey had found that 70 percent of respondents approved of President Bush's job performance, and 80 percent agreed that he "shared their moral values," the *Times*'s headline declared: "Poll Finds Concerns that Bush is Overly Influenced by Business" (July 18). Sullivan contrasted this with the *Washington Post*'s headline on its own similar findings: "Poll Shows Bush's Ratings Weathering Business Scandals" (July 17). It's as if the *Times*, tired of waiting for the nation to turn against the president, had decided simply to write the news it wanted to see.

A more extensive comparison of the *Times*'s front-page coverage with that of the *Post* shows the former striving to present a consistent anti-Bush narrative—even at the cost of informing the public. Consider the two papers' handling of the president's unveiling of his homeland security strategy. The *Post*'s story, "President to Detail Security Strategy" (July 17), laid out the contents and objectives of Bush's proposal. The *Times*'s piece the next day said almost nothing about the substance of the strategy and concentrated instead on criticisms of it. Under the headline "Yeas and Nays for Bush's Security Wish List," the *Times* devoted 7 of 15 paragraphs to comments from spokesmen for the ACLU and think tanks who fear that the plan threatens civil liberties—an idea the *Post* never touched on. While *Times* readers came away with little information on which to base their own opinions of the proposal, they did learn the views of congresswoman Jane Harman and the executive director of the Eagle Forum, which opposes national ID cards.

Often, the bias operates by the simple omission of nuance. In late

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June, for example, both papers asked Democratic and Republican political strategists how the WorldCom disaster would affect the president. For the *Times*, the story turned out to be that Bush was in peril; for the *Post*, that Bush was resilient, though he might face trouble in the fall. The *Times* piece opened with "President Bush and the Republicans struggling" against "what strategists in both parties say could be a shift in the way voters view business and the economy" (June 28). The *Post*'s lead had the strategists agreeing that WorldCom was "unlikely by itself to be particularly injurious to Bush," although "a public disenchantment could stick to the Bush administration and Republicans in November" (June 28).

In other pieces, the editorializing is obvious, as in the *Times*'s coverage of Bush's optimistic comments on the stock market. While the *Post*'s lead simply stated that Bush "tried to calm investors' fears" by predicting higher stock prices (July 23), the *Times* gasped, "In a highly unusual violation of the unwritten rule against presidential pronouncements of how markets will act, President Bush today predicted that as stocks become a better value 'you'll see the market go back up'" (July 22). Both papers reported Bush's defense of Treasury Secretary Paul O'Neill, but the *Times* placed this in the second paragraph framed by the speculation that Bush had "intended to quiet some Republican leaders who are urging the administration to begin thinking about candidates who could replace Mr. O'Neill." In the *Post*, Bush's statements about O'Neill came at the end of the article, after a more extensive discussion of the president's comments on the stock market.

Or take what ought to have been a routine story about Bush's visit with the troops at Fort Drum, New York, on July 19, where he spoke on counterterrorism and the International Criminal Court. The *Times*'s David Sanger interrupted his reporting to muse, "Mr. Bush was visibly relieved today to be back in a welcoming military setting after two weeks of questions about his handling of the corporate scandals that have rocked Wall Street and dominated talk in Washington." Later Sanger observed, "The cheers that followed him around this military base . . . seemed more like the kind of reception he routinely received in the months after the Sept. 11 attacks." The *Post* interviewed a soldier, who called the president "a big motivation," and provided three paragraphs of quotations from his speech. The *Times* quoted three sentences.

Even the *Times*'s slanted reporting of that July opinion poll was no one-time lapse. On June 28, in stories on growing public concern about Bush and the economy, both the *Times* and the *Post* discussed a poll by the Pew Research Center. The *Post* said Pew "found that Bush still has enviable public support of 70 percent but only a third of Americans believe that the President is 'doing all he can' on the economy." The *Times* said that "Mr. Bush's approval rating for his handling of the economy had slipped to 53 percent from 60 percent in January," but neglected to report the president's overall approval figure, which the *Post* characterized as "gravity defying." Once again, the *Times* told only half the story—the half that served its political ends. ♦

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Patio Man and the Sprawl People

America's newest suburbs

By David Brooks

I don't know if you've ever noticed the expression of a man who is about to buy a first-class barbecue grill. He walks into a Home Depot or Lowe's or one of the other mega hardware complexes and his eyes are glistening with a faraway visionary zeal, like one of those old prophets gazing into the promised land. His lips are parted and twitching slightly. Inside the megastore, the grills are just past the racks of affordable- house plan books, in the yard-machinery section. They are arrayed magnificently next to the vehicles that used to be known as rider mowers but are now known as lawn tractors, because to call them rider mowers doesn't really convey the steroid-enhanced M-1 tank power of the things.

The man approaches the barbecue grills and his face bears a trance-like expression, suggesting that he has cast aside all the pains and imperfections of this world and is approaching the gateway to a higher dimension. In front of him are a number of massive steel-coated reactors with names like Broilmaster P3, The Thermidor, and the Weber Genesis, because in America it seems perfectly normal to name a backyard barbecue grill after a book of the Bible.

The items in this cooking arsenal flaunt enough metal to suggest they have been hardened to survive a direct nuclear assault, and Patio Man goes from machine to machine comparing their features—the cast iron/porcelain coated cooking surfaces, the 328,000-Btu heat-generating capacities, the 1,600-degree-tolerance linings, the multiple warming racks, the lava rock containment dishes, the built-in electrical meat thermometers, and so on. Certain profound questions flow through his mind. Is a 542-square-inch grilling surface really enough, considering that he might someday get the urge to roast an uncut buffalo steak? Though the matte steel overcoat resists scratching, doesn't he want a polished steel surface on his grill so he can glance down and admire his reflection as he is performing the suburban manliness rituals, such as brushing tangy sauce on meat slabs with his right hand while clutching a beer can in an NFL foam insulator ring in his left?

Pretty soon a large salesman in an orange vest who looks like a human SUV comes up to him and says, "Howyadoin'," which is, "May I help you?" in Home Depot talk. Patio Man, who has so much lust in his heart it is all he can do to keep from climbing up on one of these machines and whooping rodeo-style with joy, manages to respond appropriately. He grunts inarticulately and nods toward the machines. Careful not to make eye contact at any point, the two manly suburban men have a brief exchange of pseudo-scientific grill argot that neither of them understands, and pretty soon Patio Man has come to the reasoned conclusion that it really does make sense to pay a little extra for a grill with V-shaped metal baffles, ceramic rods, and a side-mounted smoker box. Plus the grill he selects has four insulated drink holders. All major choices of consumer durables these days ultimately come down to which model has the most impressive cup holders.

Patio Man pays for the grill with his credit card, and is told that some minion will forklift his machine over to the loading dock around back. It is yet another triumph in a lifetime of conquest shopping, and as Patio Man heads toward the parking lot he is glad once again that he's driving that Yukon XL so that he can approach the loading dock guys as a co-equal in the manly fraternity of Those Who Haul Things.

He steps out into the parking lot and is momentarily blinded by sun bouncing off the hardtop. The parking lot is so massive that he can barely see the Wal-Mart, the Bed Bath & Beyond, or the area-code-sized Old Navy glistening through the heat there on the other side. This mall is in fact big enough to qualify for membership in the United Nations, and is so vast that shoppers have to drive from store to store, cutting diagonally through the infinity of empty parking spaces in between.

As Patio Man walks past the empty handicapped and expectant-mother parking spots toward his own vehicle, wonderful grill fantasies dance in his

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imagination: There he is atop the uppermost tier of his multi-level backyard patio/outdoor recreation area posed like an admiral on the deck of his destroyer. In his mind's eye he can see himself coolly flipping the garlic and pepper T-bones on the front acreage of his new grill while carefully testing the citrus-tarragon trout filets that sizzle fragrantly in the rear. On the lawn below he can see his kids, Haley and Cody, frolicking on the weedless community lawn that is mowed twice weekly by the people who run Monument Crowne Preserve, his townhome community.

Haley, 12, is a Travel Team Girl, who spends her weekends playing midfield against similarly pony-tailed, strongly calved soccer marvels. Cody, 10, is a Buzz Cut Boy, whose naturally blond hair has been cut to a lawn-like stubble and dyed an almost phosphorescent white. Cody's wardrobe is entirely derivative of fashions he has seen watching the X-Games.

In his vision, Patio Man can see the kids enjoying their child-safe lawn darts with a gaggle of their cul de sac friends, a happy gathering of Haleys and Codys and Corys and Britneys. It's a brightly colored scene: Abercrombie & Fitch pink spaghetti-strap tops on the girls and ankle length canvas shorts and laceless Nikes on the boys. Patio Man notes somewhat uncomfortably that in America today the average square yardage of boys' fashion grows and grows while the square inches in the girls' outfits shrink and shrink, so that while the boys look like tent-wearing skateboarders, the girls look like preppy prostitutes.

Nonetheless, Patio Man envisions his own adult softball team buddies lounging on his immaculate deck furniture watching him with a certain moist envy in their eyes as he mans the grill. They are fit, sockless men in dock siders, chinos, and Tommy Bahama muted Hawaiian shirts. Their wives, trim Jennifer Aniston women, wear capris and sleeveless tops that look great owing to their many hours of sweat and exercise at Spa Lady. These men and women may not be Greatest Generation heroes, or earthshaking inventors like Thomas Edison, but if Thomas Edison had had a Human Resources Department, and that Human Resources Department had organized annual enrichment and motivational conferences for mid-level management, then these people would have been the marketing executives for the back office outsourcing companies to the meeting-planning firms that hooked up the HR executives with the conference facilities.

They are wonderful people. And Patio Man can envision his own wife, Cindy, a Realtor Mom, circulating amongst them serving drinks, telling parent-teacher conference stories and generally spreading conviviality while he, Patio Man, masterfully runs the grill—again, to the silent admiration of all. The sun is shining. The people are friendly. The men are no more than 25 pounds overweight, which is the socially acceptable male paunch level in upwardly mobile America, and the children are well adjusted. It is a vision of the sort of domestic bliss that Patio Man has been shooting for all his life.

And it's plausible now because two years ago Patio Man made the big move. He pulled up stakes and he moved his family to a Sprinkler City.

Sprinkler Cities are the fast-growing suburbs mostly in the South and West that are the homes of the new style American Dream, the epicenters of Patio Man fantasies. Douglas County, Colorado, which is the fastest-growing county in America and is located between Denver and Colorado Springs, is a Sprinkler City. So is Henderson, Nevada, just outside of Las Vegas. So is Loudoun County, Virginia, near Dulles Airport. So are Scottsdale and Gilbert, Arizona, and Union County, North Carolina.

The growth in these places is astronomical, as Patio Men and their families—and Patio retirees, yuppie geezers who still like to grill, swim, and water ski—flock to them from all over. Douglas County grew 13.6 percent from April 2000 to July 2001, while Loudoun County grew 12.6 percent in that 16-month period. Henderson, Nevada, has tripled in size over the past 10 years and now has over 175,000 people. Over the past 50 years, Irving, Texas, grew by 7,211 percent, from about 2,600 people to 200,000 people.

The biggest of these boom suburbs are huge. With almost 400,000 people, Mesa, Arizona, has a larger population than Minneapolis, Cincinnati, or St. Louis. And this sort of growth is expected to continue. Goodyear, Arizona, on the western edge of the Phoenix area, now has about 20,000 people, but is projected to have 320,000 in 50 years' time. By then, Greater Phoenix could have a population of over 6 million and cover over 10,000 square miles.

Sprinkler Cities are also generally the most Republican areas of the country. In some of the Sprinkler City congressional districts, Republicans have a 2 or 3 or 4 to 1 registration advantage over Democrats. As cultural centers, they represent the beau ideal of Republican selfhood, and are becoming the new base—the brains, heart, guts, and soul of the emerging Republican party. Their values are not the same as those found in either old-line suburbs like Greenwich, Connecticut, where a certain sort of Republican used to dominate, or traditional conservative bastions, such as the old South. This isn't even the more modest conservatism found in the midwestern farm belt. In fact, the rising prominence of these places heralds a new style of suburb vs. suburb politics, with the explosively growing Republican outer suburbs vying with the slower-growing and increasingly Democratic inner suburbs for control of the center of American political gravity.

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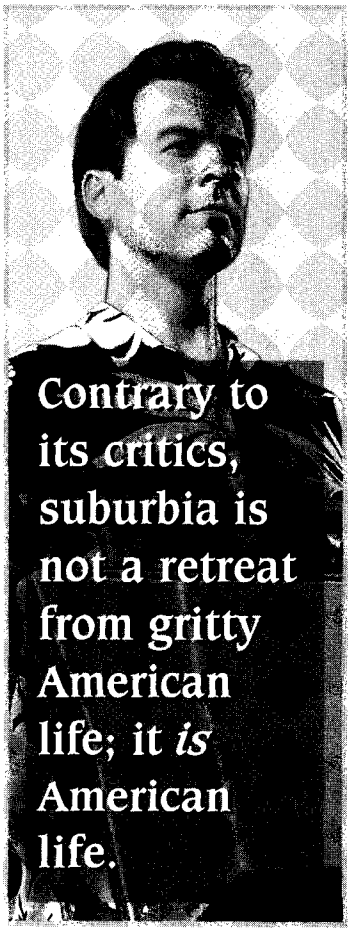
If you stand on a hilltop overlooking a Sprinkler City, you see, stretched across the landscape, little brown puffs here and there where bulldozers are kicking up dirt while building new townhomes, office parks, shopping malls, AmeriSuites guest hotels, and golf courses. Everything in a Sprinkler City is new. The highways are so clean and freshly paved you can eat off them. The elementary schools have spic and span playgrounds, unscuffed walls, and immaculate mini-observatories for just-forming science classes.

The lawns in these places are perfect. It doesn't matter how arid the local landscape used to be, the developers come in and lay miles of irrigation tubing, and the sprinklers pop up each evening, making life and civilization possible.

The roads are huge. The main ones, where the office parks are, have been given names like Innovation Boulevard and Entrepreneur Avenue, and they've been built for the population levels that will exist a decade from now, so that today you can cruise down these flawless six lane thoroughfares in traffic-less nirvana, and if you get a cell phone call you can just stop in the right lane and take the call because there's no one behind you. The smaller roads in the residential neighborhoods have pretentious names—in Loudoun County I drove down Trajan's Column Terrace—but they too are just as smooth and immaculate as a blacktop bowling alley. There's no use relying on a map to get around these places, because there's no way map publishers can keep up with the construction.



The town fathers try halfheartedly to control sprawl, and as you look over the landscape you can see the results of their ambivalent zoning regulations. The homes aren't spread out with quarter-acre yards, as in the older, close-in suburbs. Instead they are clustered into pseudo-urban pods. As you scan the horizon you'll see a densely packed pod of townhouses, then a stretch of a half mile of investor grass (fields that will someday contain 35,000-square-foot Fresh-Mex restaurants but for now are being kept fallow by investors until the prices rise), and then another pod of slightly more expensive detached homes just as densely packed.

The developments in the southeastern Sprinkler Cities tend to have Mini-McMansion Gable-gable houses. That is to say, these are 3,200-square-foot middle-class homes built to look like 7,000-square-foot starter palaces for the nouveau riche. And on the front at the top, each one has a big gable, and then right in front of it, for visual relief, a little gable jutting forward so that it looks like a baby gable leaning against a mommy gable.

These homes have all the same features as the authentic McMansions of the mid-'90s (as history flows on, McMansions come to seem authentic), but significantly smaller. There are the same vaulted atriums behind the front doors that never get used, and the same open kitchen/two-story great rooms with soaring palladian windows. But in the middle-class knockoffs, the rooms are so small, especially upstairs, that a bedroom or a master-bath suite would fit inside one of the walk-in closets of a real McMansion.

In the Southwest the homes tend to be tile and stucco jobs, with tiny mousepad lawns out front, blue backyard spas in the back, and so much white furniture inside that you have to wear sunglasses indoors. As you fly over the Sprinkler Cities you begin to see the rough pattern—a little pseudo-urbanist plop of development, a blank field, a plop, a field, a plop. You also notice that the developers build the roads and sewage lines first and then fill in the houses later, so from the sky you can see cul de sacs stretching off into the distance with no houses around them.

Then, cutting through the landscape are broad commercial thoroughfares with two-tier, big-box malls on either side. In the front tier is a line of highly themed chain restaurants that all fuse into the same Macaroni Grill Olive Outback Cantina Charlie Chiang's Dave & Buster's Cheesecake Factory mélange of peppy servers, superfluous ceiling fans, free bread with olive oil, and taco salad entrees. In the 21st-century migration of peoples, the food courts come first and the huddled masses follow.

Then in the back row are all the huge, exposed-air-duct architectural behemoths, which are the big-box stores.

Shopping experiences are now segregated by mood. If you are in the mood for some titillating browsing, you can head over to a Lifestyle Center, which is one of those instant urban streetscapes that developers put up in suburbia as entertainment/retail/community complexes, complete with pedestrian zones, outdoor cafés, roller rinks, multiplexes, and high-attitude retail concepts such as CP

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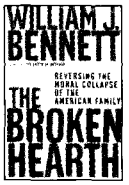

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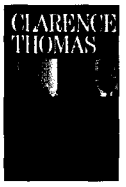

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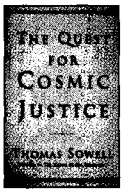

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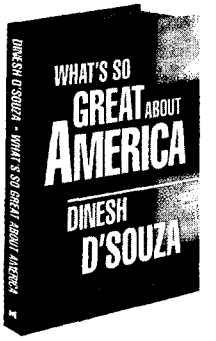

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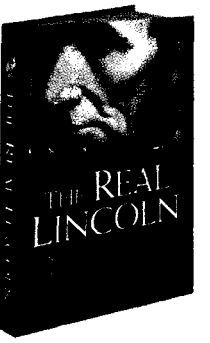

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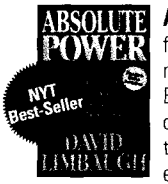

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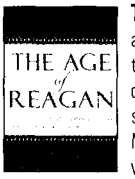

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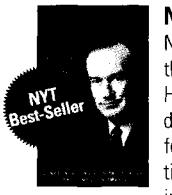

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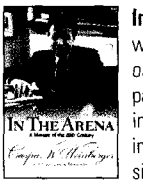

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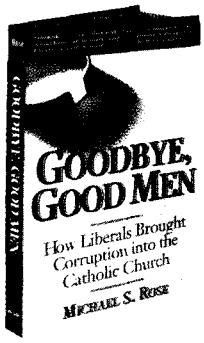

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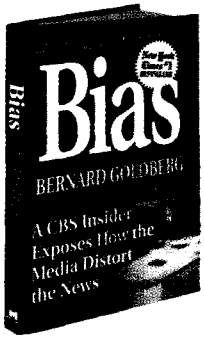

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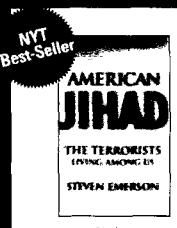

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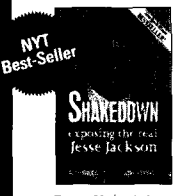

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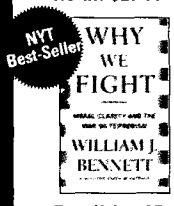

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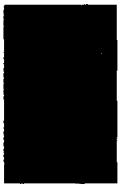

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Shades, a chain store that masquerades as a locally owned boutique.

If you are buying necessities, really shopping, there are Power Malls. These are the big-box expanses with Wal-marts, K-Marts, Targets, price clubs, and all the various Depots (Home, Office, Furniture, etc.). In Sprinkler Cities there are archipelagoes of them—one massive parking lot after another surrounded by huge boxes that often have racing stripes around the middle to break the monotony of the windowless exterior walls.

If one superstore is in one mall, then its competitor is probably in the next one in the archipelago. There's a Petsmart just down from a Petco, a Borders nearby a Barnes & Noble, a Linens 'n' Things within sight of a Bed Bath & Beyond, a Best Buy cheek by jowl with a Circuit City. In Henderson, there's a Wal-Mart superstore that spreads over 220,000 square feet, with all those happy greeters in blue vests to make you feel small-town.

There are also smaller stores jammed in between the mega-outlets like little feeder fish swimming around the big boys. On one strip, there might be the ostentatiously unpretentious Total Wine & More, selling a galaxy of casual Merlots. Nearby there might be a Michaels discount women's clothing, a bobo bazaar such as World Market that sells raffia fiber from Madagascar, Rajasthani patchwork coverlets from India, and vermouth-flavored martini onions from Israel, and finally a string of storefront mortgage bankers and realtors serving all the new arrivals. In Sprinkler Cities, there are more realtors than people.

People move to Sprinkler Cities for the same reasons people came to America or headed out West. They want to leave behind the dirt and toxins of their former existence—the crowding and inconvenience, the precedents, and the oldness of what suddenly seems to them a settled and unpromising world. They want to move to some place that seems fresh and new and filled with possibility.

Sprinkler City immigrants are not leaving cities to head out to suburbia. They are leaving older suburbs—which have come to seem as crowded, expensive, and stratified as cities—and heading for newer suburbs, for the suburbia of suburbia.

One of the problems we have in thinking about the suburbs is that when it comes to suburbia the American imagination is motionless. Many people still have in their heads the stereotype of suburban life that the critics of suburbia established in the 1950s. They see suburbia as a sterile, dull, Ozzie and Harriet retreat from the creative dynamism of city life, and the people who live in the suburbs as either hopelessly shallow or quietly and neurotically desperate. (There is no group in America more conformist than the people who rail against suburbanites for being conformist—they always make the same critiques, decade after decade.)

The truth, of course, is that suburbia is not a retreat from gritty American life, it *is* American life. Already, suburbanites make up about half of the country's population (while city people make up 28 percent and rural folk make up the rest), and America gets more suburban every year.

According to the census data, the suburbs of America's 100 largest metro areas grew twice as fast as their central cities in the 1990s, and that was a decade in which many cities actually reversed their long population slides. Atlanta, for example, gained 23,000 people in the '90s, but its suburbs grew by 1.1 million people.

Moreover, newer suburbs no longer really feed off cities. In 1979, 74 percent of American office space was located in cities, according to the Brookings Institution's Robert Puentes. But now, after two decades in which the biggest job growth has been in suburban office parks, the suburbs' share of total office space has risen to 42 percent. In other words, we are fast approaching a time when the majority of all office space will be in the suburbs, and most Americans not only will not live in cities, they won't even commute to cities or have any regular contact with city life.

Encompassing such a broad swath of national existence, suburbs obviously cannot possibly be the white-bread places of myth and literature. In reality, as the most recent census shows, suburbs contain more non-family houses—young singles and elderly couples—than family households, married couples with children. Nor are they overwhelmingly white. The majority of Asian Americans, half of Hispanics, and 40 percent of American blacks live in suburbia.

And so now there are crucial fault lines not just between city and suburb but between one kind of suburb and another. Say you grew up in some southern California suburb in the 1970s. You graduated from the University of Oregon and now you are a systems analyst with a spouse and two young kids. You're making $65,000 a year, far more than you ever thought you would, but back in Orange County you find you can't afford to live anywhere near your Newport Beach company headquarters. So your commute is 55 minutes each way. Then there's your house itself. You paid $356,000 for a 1962 four-bedroom split level with a drab kitchen, low ceilings, and walls that are chipped and peeling. Your mortgage—that $1,800 a month—is like a tapeworm that devours the family budget.

And then you visit a Sprinkler City in Arizona or Nevada or Colorado—far from the coast and deep into exurbia—and what do you see? Bounteous roads! Free traffic lanes! If you lived here you'd be in commuter bliss—15 minutes from home on Trajan's Column Terrace to the

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office park on Innovation Boulevard! If you lived here you'd have an extra hour and a half each day for yourself.

And those real estate prices! In, say, Henderson, Nevada, you wouldn't have to spend over $400,000 for a home and carry that murderous mortgage. You could get a home that's brand new, twice the size of your old one, with an attached garage (no flimsy carport), and three times as beautiful for $299,000. The average price of a single-family home in Loudoun County, one of the pricier of the Sprinkler Cities, was $166,824 in 2001, which was an 11 percent increase over the year before. Imagine that! A mortgage under 200 grand! A great anvil would be lifted from your shoulders. More free money for you to spend on yourself. More free time to enjoy. More Freedom!

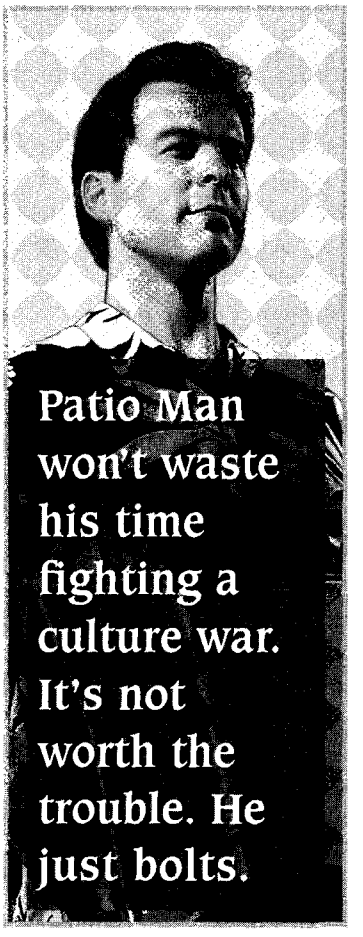
Plus, if you moved to a Sprinkler City there would be liberation of a subtler kind. The old suburbs have become socially urbanized. They've become stratified. Two sorts of people have begun to move in and ruin the middle-class equality of the development you grew up in: the rich and the poor.

There are, first, the poor immigrants, from Mexico, Vietnam, and the Philippines. They come in, a dozen to a house, and they introduce an element of unpredictability to what was a comforting milieu. They shout. They're less tidy. Their teenage boys seem to get involved with gangs and cars. Suddenly you feel you will lose control of your children. You begin to feel a new level of anxiety in the neighborhood. It is exactly the level of anxiety—sometimes intermingled with racism—your parents felt when they moved from their old neighborhood to the suburbs in the first place.

And then there are the rich. Suddenly many of the old ramblers are being knocked down by lawyers who proceed to erect 4,000-square-foot arts and crafts bungalows with two-car garages for their Volvos. Suddenly cars in the neighborhoods have window and bumper stickers that never used to be there in the past: "Yale," "The Friends School," "Million Mom March." The local stores are changing too. Gone are the hardware stores and barber shops. Now there are Afghan restaurants, Marin County bistros, and environmentally sensitive and extremely expensive bakeries.

And these new people, while successful and upstanding, are also . . . snobs. They're doctors and lawyers and journalists and media consultants. They went to fancy colleges and they consider themselves superior to you if you sell home-security systems or if you are a mechanical engineer, and in subtle yet patronizing ways they let you know it.

I recently interviewed a woman in Loudoun County who said she had grown up and lived most of her life in Bethesda, Maryland, which is an upscale suburb close to Washington. When I asked why she left Bethesda, she hissed "I hate it there now" with a fervor that took me by surprise. And as we spoke, it became clear that it was precisely the "improvements" she hated: the new movie theater that shows only foreign films, the explosion of French, Turkish, and new wave restaurants, the streets choked with German cars and Lexus SUVs, the doctors and lawyers and journalists with their educated-class one-upmanship.



These new people may live in the old suburbs but they hate suburbanites. They hate sprawl, big-box stores, automobile culture. The words they use about suburbanites are: synthetic, bland, sterile, self-absorbed, disengaged. They look down on people who like suburbs. They don't like their lawn statuary, their Hallmark greeting cards, their Ethan Allen furniture, their megachurches, the seasonal banners the old residents hang out in front of their houses, their untroubled attitude toward McDonald's and Dairy Queen, their Thomas Kinkade fantasy paintings. And all the original suburbanites who were peacefully enjoying their suburb until the anti-suburban suburbanites moved in notice the condescension, and they do what Americans have always done when faced with disapproval, anxiety, and potential conflict. They move away. The pincer movements get them: the rich and the poor, the commutes and the mortgages, the prices and the alienation. And pretty soon it's Henderson, Nevada, here we come.

George Santayana once observed that Americans don't solve problems, they just leave them behind. They take advantage of all that space and move. If there's an idea they don't like, they don't bother refuting it, they just go somewhere else, and if they can't go somewhere else, they just leave it in the past, where it dies from inattention.

And so Patio Man is not inclined to stay and defend himself against the condescending French-film goers and

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their Volvos. He's not going to mount a political campaign to fix the educational, economic, and social woes that beset him in his old neighborhood. He won't waste his time fighting a culture war. It's not worth the trouble. He just bolts. He heads for the exurbs and the desert. He goes to the new place where the future is still open and promising. He goes to fresh ground where his dreams might more plausibly come true.

The power of this urge to leave and create new places is really awesome to behold. Migration is not an easy thing, yet every year 43 million Americans get up and move. And it sets off a chain reaction. The migrants who move into one area push out another set of people, who then migrate to another and push out another set of people, and so on and so on in one vast cycle of creative destruction. Ten years ago these Sprinkler Cities didn't really exist. Fifteen years ago the institutions that dot them hadn't been invented. There weren't book superstores or sporting goods superstores or Petsmart or Petco, and Target was just something you shot arrows at. And yet suddenly metropolises with all these new stores and institutions have materialized out of emptiness. It's as if some Zeus-like figure had appeared out of the ether and slammed down a million-square-foot mall on the desert floor, then a second later he'd slammed down a 5,000-person townhome community, then a second later an ice rink and a rec center and soccer fields and schools and community colleges. How many times in human history have 200,000-person cities just materialized almost instantaneously out of nowhere?

The people who used to live in these empty places don't like it; they've had to move further out in search of valleys still pristine. But the sprawl people just love it. They talk to you like born-again evangelists, as if their life had undergone some magical transformation when they made the big move. They talk as if they'd thrown off some set of horrendous weights, banished some class of unpleasant experiences, and magically floated up into the realm of good climate, fine people, job opportunities, and transcendent convenience. In 2001, Loudoun County did a survey of its residents. Ninety-eight percent felt safe in their neighborhoods. Ninety-three percent rated their county's quality of life excellent or good. Only a third of the county's residents, by the way, have lived there for more than 10 years.

These people are so happy because they have achieved something that human beings are actually quite good at achieving. Through all the complex diversity of society, they have managed to find people who want pretty much the same things they want.

This is not to say they want white Ozzie and Harriet nirvana. The past 40 years happened. It never occurs to them to go back before rock, rap, women working, and massive immigration. They don't mind any of these things, so long as they complement the core Sprinkler City missions of orderly living, high achievement, and the bright seeking of a better future.

Recently three teams from the Seneca Ridge Middle School in Loudoun County competed in the National Social Studies Olympiad. The fifth grade team finished fifth out of 242 teams, while the eighth grade team finished twenty-third out of 210. Here are some of the names of the students competing for Loudoun: Amy Kuo, Arshad Ali, Samanth Chao, Katie Hempenius, Ronnel Espino, Obinna Onwuka, Earnst Ilang-Ilang, Ashley Shiraishi, and Alberto Pareja-Lecaros. At the local high school, 99 percent of seniors graduate and 87 percent go on to higher education.

When you get right down to it, Sprinkler Cities are united around five main goals:

** *The goal of the together life.* When you've got your life together, you have mastered the complexities of the modern world so thoroughly that you can glide through your days without unpleasant distractions or tawdry failures. Instead, your hours are filled with self-affirming reminders of the control you have achieved over the elements. Your lawn is immaculate. Your DVD library is organized, and so is your walk-in closet. Your car is clean and vacuumed, your frequently dialed numbers are programmed into your cell phone, your telephone plan is suited to your needs, and your various gizmos interface without conflict. Your wife is effortlessly slender, your kids are unnaturally bright, your job is rewarding, your promotions are inevitable, and you look great in casual slacks.

You can thus spend your days in perfect equanimity, the Sprinkler City ideal. You radiate confidence, like a professional golfer striding up the 18th fairway after a particularly masterful round. Compared with you, Dick Cheney looks like a disorganized hothead. George W. Bush looks like a self-lacerating neurotic. Professionally, socially, parentally, you have your life together. You may not be the most intellectual or philosophical person on the planet, but you are honest and straightforward. You may not be flamboyant, but you are friendly, good-hearted, and considerate. You have achieved the level of calm mastery of life that is the personality equivalent of the clean and fresh suburban landscape.

** *The goal of technological heroism.* They may not be stereotypical rebels, and nobody would call them avant-garde, but in one respect many Sprinkler City dwellers have the souls of revolutionaries. When Patio Man gets out of his Yukon, lowers his employee-badge necklace around his neck, and walks into his generic office building, he becomes a technological radical. He spends his long workdays striving to create some technological innovation, management solution, or organizing system breakthroughs that will alter the world. Maybe the company he works for

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You deserve a factual look at...

The Unrelenting and Virulent Hatred of the Arabs

Will peace ever be possible under those conditions?

After over fifty years of statehood, Israel is a lone outpost of Western civilization and its values. The Arab nations surrounding it are a swamp of terrorism, corruption, dictatorship, and human enslavement. But the hatred of the Arabs against Israel and against all Jews is so abiding and so virulent that peace, at least for the foreseeable future, seems to be most unlikely.

What are the facts?

No "Sacrifice" Will Overcome the Hatred: Many still believe that the conflict between the Arabs and the Jews could be settled if the Israelis were willing to bring greater "sacrifices for peace". Such "sacrifices" would include relinquishing ever-larger portions of their tiny country (less than half the size of San Bernardino County in California) to the Palestinians, dismantling the "settlements" in Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"), handing the Golan Heights to Syria, and allowing the "return of the refugees" a group that has grown miraculously from about 500,000 to somewhere around 5 million, and the absorption of even a substantial fraction of which would signify the demographic end of the Jewish state. But by now, after almost two years of the bloody war against Israel in the Al Aksa Intifada, it is clear to even the most confirmed "doves", to even the most ardent supporters of the "Oslo Peace Process," that absolutely nothing that Israel could do, any further "sacrifice" that Israel were prepared to bring would satisfy the Arabs and would promote peace. The sad but irrefutable conclusion is that only the complete disappearance of Israel, its annihilation, its being wiped off the map could satisfy the Arabs and most of the Moslem world.

During his recent visit to Syria, not too long ago, the Pope listened to Bashar-al-Asad, the President of Syria, declare that "...the Jews have betrayed Jesus Christ, with the same mentality with which they tried to betray and kill the prophet Mohammed." (Disappointingly, the Pope did not protest this canard, either right then or at a later date.) Saddam Hussein, the tyrant of Iraq, expressed the wishes of his country and of the Arab world with the succinct entreaty "God damn the Jews."

> "Israel's only course...is to assume its previous stance of unflinching deterrence...and not to be inhibited...to preempt resolutely if it appears necessary to assure survival of the country."

Mortal Hatred and the "Big Lie": The "big lie," invented by the notorious Joseph Goebbels of Nazi infamy, is a mainstay of Arab hatred and propaganda. In Egypt and Jordan (the two Arab countries technically at peace with Israel), government-controlled news sources published that Israel had distributed drug-laced chewing gum and candy to kill children and to make women sexually corrupt. The Jews (Israelis) are being accused of having introduced foot-and-mouth disease in the Middle East. The age-old calumny of Jews using the blood of Christian and Moslem children in order to bake their Passover matzos is alive and well in Arab publications. The Protocols of the Elders of Zion, an egregious falsification originating in Czarist Russia, is a steady best-seller in all Arab countries. Among other malevolent fabrications, it accuses "international Jewry" of "limitless ambition, inexhaustible greed, and hatred beyond imagination."

In the controlled Arab press, Holocaust denial and accusation of the Zionists having been in cahoots with the German Nazis are regular features. Egypt's government-sponsored *Al Akhbar* newspaper has expressed fervent thanks to Adolf Hitler for having taken advance revenge on the "vilest criminals on the face of the earth." Still, it berates him for not having been thorough enough in his task of extermination. The Arabs do not consider Israel a normal country, but a creation of the devil, an excrescence, a malignant force of aggressors, murderers, infidels and barbarians. It should be destroyed, for the glory of God, no matter what sacrifices that might entail.

Mortal hatred against Israel and against the Jews is taught to Arab children from the very first grade. Children are encouraged to sacrifice themselves as martyrs and suicide missiles, with promises that Paradise with unimaginable pleasures awaits those who sacrifice themselves in the holy cause of killing Jews.

This bottomless hatred, a hatred that pervades the Arab world in all strata of society and is incessantly fomented by Arab governments, including those supposed to be "at peace" with Israel, cannot be assuaged by negotiation or by making any further "sacrifices for peace". Nothing will suffice, except the destruction, the complete disappearance of Israel. The Arab states, having been unable in over fifty years and in many wars to defeat and exterminate the hated Jews, are now feverishly arming themselves with "conventional weapons" (easily purchased from the West, including, sad to say, from the United States), and are ardently pursuing the development of weapons of mass annihilation. Just as the suicide bombers do not vacillate to sacrifice themselves, one can safely expect that, once in possession of such weapons, the Arabs will not hesitate to sacrifice millions of their own people in order to destroy Israel. Israel's only course in the face of this almost certain prospect is to assume its previous stance of unflinching deterrence and, as it once did in the destruction of the Iraqi atomic reactor at Osirak in 1981, not to be inhibited by "international opinion" to preempt resolutely if it appears necessary to assure survival of the country.

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has one of those indecipherable three-initial names, like DRG Technologies or SER Solutions, or maybe it's got one of those jammed together compound names that were all the rage in the 1990s until WorldCom and MicroStrategy went belly up.

Either way, Patio Man is working on, or longs to be working on, a project that is new and revolutionary. And all around him there are men and women who are actually achieving that goal, who are making that leap into the future. The biotech revolution is being conducted in bland suburban office parks by seemingly unremarkable polo-shirt-and-chino people at firms like Celera and Human Genome Sciences. Silicon Valley is just one long string of suburban office parks jutting out from San Jose. AOL is headquartered in Loudoun County. You walk down a path in a Sprinkler City corporate center and it leads you to a company frantically chasing some market-niche innovation in robotics, agricultural engineering, microtechnology, or hardware and software applications.

There are retail-concept revolutionaries, delivery-system radicals, market-research innovators, data-collection pioneers, computer-game Rembrandts, and weapons-systems analysts. They look like bland members of some interchangeable research team, but many of them are deeply engrossed in what they consider a visionary project, which if completed will help hurtle us all further into the Knowledge Revolution, the Information Millennium, the Age of MicroTechnology, the Biotech Century, or whatever transplendent future it is you want to imagine. They have broken the monopoly that cities used to have, and they have made themselves the new centers of creativity.

** *The goal of relaxed camaraderie.* The critics of suburbia believe that single-family homeowners with their trimmed yards and matching pansies are trying to keep up with the Joneses. But like most of what the critics assert, that's completely wrong. Sprinkler City people are competitive in the marketplace and on the sports field, but they detest social competition. That's part of why these people left inner-ring suburbs in the first place.

They are not emulating the rich; they are happy to blend in with each other. One of the comforts of these places is that almost nobody is far above you socially and almost nobody is far below. You're all just swimming in a pond of understated success.

So manners are almost aggressively relaxed. Everybody strives overtime to not put on airs or create friction. In style, demeanor, and mood, people reveal the language and values they have in common. They are good team members and demonstrate from the first meeting that they are team-able. You could go your entire life, from home to church to work to school, wearing nothing but Lands' End—comfortable, conservative, non-threatening active-wear for people with a special fondness for navy blue. The dominant conversational tone is upbeat and friendly, like banter between Katie Couric and Matt Lauer on the *Today* show. The prevailing style of humor is ironic but not biting and owes a lot to ESPN's SportsCenter.

** *The goal of the active-leisure lifestyle.* Your self-esteem is based on your success at work, but since half the time it's hard to explain to people what the hell it is you do, your public identity is defined by your leisure activities. You are the soccer family, engrossed by the politics and melodrama of your local league, or you are the T-ball coach and spend your barbecue conversations comparing notes on new $200 titanium bat designs (there's a new bat called The Power Elite—even C. Wright Mills has been domesticated for the Little League set). You are Scuba Woman and you converse about various cruises you have taken. You are Mountain Bike Man and you make vague references to your high altitude injuries and spills. Or you are a golfer, in which case nobody even thinks of engaging you in conversation on any topic other than golf.

Religion is too hot a subject and politics is irrelevant, so if you are not discussing transportation issues—how to get from here to there, whether the new highway exit is good or bad—you are probably talking about sports. You're talking about your kids' ice hockey leagues, NBA salary levels, or the competition in your over-70 softball league—the one in which everybody wears a knee brace and it takes about six minutes for a good hitter to beat out a double. Sports sets the emotional climate of your life. Sports provides the language of easy camaraderie, self-deprecating humor, and (mostly) controlled competition.

** *The goal of the traditional, but competitive, childhood.* Most everything in Sprinkler Cities is new, but much of the newness is in the service of tradition. The families that move here are trying to give their children as clean and upright and traditional a childhood as they can imagine. They're trying to move away from parents who smoke and slap their kids, away from families where people watch daytime TV shows about transvestite betrayals and "My Daughter is a Slut" confessions, away from broken homes and, most of all, away from the company of children who are not being raised to achieve and succeed.

They are trying to move instead to a realm of clean neighborhoods, safe streets, competitive cheerleading, spirit squads, soccer tots academies, accelerated-reader programs, and adult-chaperoned drug-free/alcohol-free graduation celebrations.

For the fifth consecutive year, the Henderson, Nevada, high school Marine Corps Junior ROTC squad has won the National Male Armed Drill Team championship. The Female Unarmed Drill Team has come in first six out of the past eight years. In Loudoun County the local news-

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paper runs notices for various travel team tryouts. In one recent edition, I counted 55 teams announcing their tryouts, with names like The Loudoun Cyclones, the Herndon Surge, the Loudoun Volcanoes. (It's not socially acceptable to name your team after a group of people anymore, so most of the teams have nature names.) As you drive around a Sprinkler City you see SUVs everywhere with cheers scrawled in washable marker on the back windows: "Go Heat!" "#24 Kelly Jones!" "Regional Champs!"

The kids spend their days being chaperoned from one adult-supervised activity to another, and from one achievement activity to the next. They are well tested, well trophied, and well appreciated. They are not only carefully reared and nurtured, they are launched into a life of high expectations and presumed accomplishment.

The dominant ideology of Sprinkler Cities is a sort of utopian conservatism. On the one hand, the people who live here have made a startling leap into the unknown. They have, in great numbers and with great speed, moved from their old homes in California, Florida, Illinois, and elsewhere, to these brand new places that didn't really exist 10 years ago. These places have no pasts, no precedents, no settled institutions, very few longstanding groups you can join and settle into.

Their inhabitants have moved to towns where they have no family connections, no ethnic enclaves, and no friends. They are using their imaginations to draw pictures for themselves of what their lives will be like. They are imagining their golf club buddies even though the course they are moving near is only just being carved out of the desert. They are imagining their successful children's graduation from high school, even though the ground around the new school building is still rutted with the tracks of construction equipment. They are imagining outings with friends at restaurants that are now only investor grass, waiting to be built.

And when they do join groups, often the groups turn out to be still in the process of building themselves. The migrants join congregations that meet in school basements while raising the money to construct churches. They go to office parks at biotech companies that are still waiting to put a product on the market. They may vote, or episodically pay attention to national politics, but they don't get drawn into strong local party organizations because the local organizations haven't been built.

But the odd thing is that all this imaginative daring, these leaps into the future, are all in the service of an extremely conservative ideal. You get the impression that these people have fled their crowded and stratified old suburbs because they really want to live in Mayberry. They have this image of what home should be, a historical myth or memory, and they are going to build it, even if it means constructing an old fashioned place out of modern materials.

It's going to be morally upstanding. It's going to be relaxed and neighborly. It's going to be neat and orderly. Sprinkler City people seem to have almost a moral revulsion at disorder or anything that threatens to bring chaos, including out-of-control immigration and terrorist attacks. They don't think about the war on terror much, let alone some alleged invasion of Iraq, but if it could be shown that Saddam Hussein presented a threat to the good order of the American homeland, then these people would support his ouster with a fervor that would take your breath away. "They have strong emotions when dealing with security," says Tom Tancredo, a congressman from suburban Denver. "Border security, the security of their families, the security of their neighborhoods."

Of course, from the moment they move in, they begin soiling their own nest. They move in order to get away from crowding, but as they and the tens of thousands like them move in, they bring crowding with them. They move to get away from stratification, snobbery, and inequality, but as the new towns grow they get more stratified. In Henderson, the $200,000 ranch homes are now being supplemented by gated $500,000-a-home golf communities. People move for stability and old fashioned values, but they are unwilling to accept limits to opportunity. They are achievement oriented. They are inherently dynamic.

For a time they do a dance about preserving the places they are changing by their presence. As soon as people move into a Sprinkler City, they start lobbying to control further growth. As Tancredo says, they have absolutely no shame about it. They want more roads built, but fewer houses. They want to freeze the peaceful hominess of the town that was growing when they moved there five minutes before.

But soon, one senses, they will get the urge to move again. The Hendersons and the Douglas Counties will be tomorrow what the Newport Beaches and the Los Altoses and the White Plainses are today, places where Patio Man no longer feels quite at home. And the suburban middle-class folks in these places will again strike out as the avant-garde toward new places, with new sorts of stores and a new vision of the innocent hometown.

So the dynamism and volatility will continue—always moving aggressively toward a daring future that looks like an imagined picture of the wholesome past, striving and charging toward that dream of the peaceful patio, the happy kids, the slender friends, and, towering over it all, the massive barbecue grill. ♦

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Judge Smith Goes to Washington

The anatomy of a failed Borking

By Jeffrey Lord

Standing in the middle of Room 226 in the Dirksen Senate Office Building on February 26, 2002, waiting for Wisconsin senator Russell Feingold to convene a Senate Judiciary Committee hearing on the nomination of a federal circuit court judge, I'm told how the choreography will work. Nan, it is explained to me by someone who has just spoken to her (this would be Nan Aron, the head of the left-leaning interest group that amusingly styles itself the Alliance for Justice), will walk into the hearing room and stay in the back for a bit as Feingold "chairs" the hearing. She might walk around. She will be noticed. Then she will leave—her movements and time in the room signaling the degree of interest she has in defeating the nominee.

The people who will note this will be at the front of the room—Democratic senators and their Judiciary Committee staff. Along with People for the American Way's Ralph Neas (whose website boasts of him as "the 101st Senator") and the Community Rights Counsel's Douglas Kendall, Aron is a leader of a battery of liberal groups committed to exerting iron-fisted control over the Senate Judiciary Committee's confirmation process for federal judges.

Their target this particular day is my college friend, David Brookman Smith. At 50, Brooks is now the sitting chief judge of the U.S. District Court for Western Pennsylvania. He is here this morning for his confirmation hearing as President Bush's nominee for the Third U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals.

So too are a number of other people. Suffice it to say we are not the usual crowd. A mix of Reagan, Bush, Clinton, and Gore supporters, Pennsylvanians all, the majority are lawyers. I am not a lawyer; I am present this morning simply because of my friendship with Brooks Smith. But I know what lies ahead for my friend. This fair-minded, mainstream jurist (promoted by the late John Heinz and Arlen Specter, moderate Republican senators both), with 14 years of impeccable service as a Reagan-appointed federal district judge ("sterling" in the words of a Clinton U.S. attorney), is about to be relentlessly attacked on all fronts. The assault will be coordinated by a powerful Washington clique whose political identity has slowly evolved from liberal idealist to thuggish practitioner of character assassination, distortion, demagoguery, intimidation, and outright lies insistently repeated in prosecutorial fashion. When a sufficiently damning all-purpose smear sticks, it will be deployed by dutiful senators, Senate staff, and media alike. Worse, precisely because Brooks is a judge, he will not be allowed to respond.

Weeks before his hearing, concerned that the White House seemed politically absent from the fight for its judicial nominees even as the telltale signs of a smear campaign are appearing on the Web, I call Brooks. In a conversation only old friends can have, I tell him that while he may have to sit on the sidelines in his own confirmation fight, I do not. I am a private citizen—and I want the phone numbers of any two of his lawyer friends in Pittsburgh. By Saturday afternoon, February 9—the same day the budding assault on Brooks moves from the Web to the news pages of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*—the Brooks Smith war room is being hot-wired into existence.

As I begin spending countless hours on the phone with Pittsburgh attorneys, one eagerly sending me on to another, Republican fury at the treatment of Robert Bork, Clarence Thomas, and Bush I nominees is more than matched by Democratic bitterness over Clinton nominees denied hearings or votes. There are a lot of angry Pennsylvania lawyers out there, liberals and conservatives alike. They are indignant about the treatment of their peers, the lack of good faith in the process—and in their view it is starting to happen yet again. This time to Brooks Smith, someone they all admire and respect. To a

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person, they want to do something for Brooks and begin reforming the judicial confirmation process.

The outlines of a most unusual coalition become apparent. Eventually, it encompasses conservatives and trial lawyers, Reaganites and Clintonites, Bush and Gore supporters, women, law professors, liberals, bar associations, Republican and Democratic activists. Western Pennsylvania media join in, with the liberal *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* endorsing Brooks three times, finally labeling his pursuers a "liberal lynch mob." Disillusioned members of Nan Aron's own Alliance for Justice, the National Organization for Women (NOW), and other liberal groups volunteer to help. Intelligence from inside Neas's People for the American Way is quietly offered. Offended Clinton-appointed federal judges in different states speak up voluntarily—directly to Democratic senators. And much more. What most have in common is the obvious—they are lawyers. Universally, they think highly of Brooks Smith. They know the vote of any one Judiciary Committee Democrat added to those of nine Republicans will bring victory. Neither dumb nor shy, our impromptu "alliance for justice" (or is it people for the American way?) goes to work.

A prominent trial lawyer approaches Senator Joseph Biden—at his own Pittsburgh fund-raiser. The Pennsylvania trial lawyers' network focuses on Senator John Edwards. Endorsements flow from the Women's Bar Association and countless prominent female attorneys individually. The Republican lieutenant governor works the phones. A Clinton U.S. attorney and a Democratic law professor/biographer of liberal icon Archibald Cox write the first prominent op-ed. Confidential documents from the Alliance for Justice are leaked by their recipients. A NOW member forwards a desperate e-mail from that group's leadership pleading for "women lawyers . . . who would speak up about this guy." Not a single one steps forward, but another NOW member drives hundreds of miles from Pennsylvania to a Washington press conference and denounces NOW's attacks on Brooks—while NOW's national president looks on grimly from the audience.

At the same press conference, a Democratic law partner of one of the failed Clinton nominees, John Bingler, denounces the process that resulted in Bingler's defeat. When the Community Rights Counsel's Kendall surreptitiously calls lawyers who have lost cases before Brooks, urging them to portray Brooks as unethical, his calls are angrily reported to the Allegheny County Bar Association—and also to Arlen Specter and the press. Impressed by the outpouring of Smith support from his female and lawyer constituents, Specter, Brooks's patron, pours himself into the fight. So does his Pennsylvania colleague, Senator Rick Santorum, as this blossoms into a full-time campaign.

The intimidation campaign extends even into the Senate itself. A reporter accepting a pro-Smith statement has her arm literally twisted behind her back by a male Leahy aide.

It would have to be full-time, because fear of the Neas-Aron-Kendall axis is pervasive. A liberal African-American former federal judge is warned by a Senate Democratic aide not to help Brooks because "they will hurt you if they can" (the judge nonetheless writes a pro-Brooks op-ed for the *Wall Street Journal*). Anonymous phone calls with female voices begin arriving on the answering machine of a Gore fund-raiser after she publicly takes on NOW on Brooks's behalf in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*. The calls are blocked so they cannot be traced with caller ID.

The intimidation campaign extends even into the Senate itself. The day of Brooks's hearing, as a dozen Pennsylvania lawyers appear in the hearing room, I am prohibited by Chairman Patrick Leahy's staff from handing out a press package or even speaking to the press—while Alliance for Justice press releases are freely distributed right in front of me and reporters are chatted up. "They're a non-profit," I am icily instructed as I am physically relieved of our press releases. The day the final committee vote is taken, a reporter accepting a pro-Smith press statement from a conservative group has her arm literally twisted behind her back by a male Leahy aide who snarls "you can't have that."

Press coverage tends to follow the Neas-Aron-Kendall line. On cue, just as Brooks gets a hearing date, the *Washington Post* runs a story based on a Kendall-crafted memorandum that grossly misrepresents Brooks's conduct in a bank fraud case. No one associated with the case questioned Brooks's ethics, but the *Post* refuses to run a detailed rebuttal to Kendall from no less than ex-U.S. Attorney General Dick Thornburgh, the trustee in the fraud matter. When the Bush Justice Department says it will publicize the refusal, the *Post* grudgingly runs an edited version as a Saturday letter to the editor. The *New York Times* barely mentions Brooks until the day before the committee vote. Suddenly, an intellectually lazy lead editorial of hand-fed talking points (comically similar to edi-

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torials appearing on schedule the next day in the *Post* and *Los Angeles Times*) blares: REJECT JUDGE BROOKS SMITH. The ABC News online daily *The Note* wryly observes: "It's nice to see Nan Aron get to ghostwrite a *New York Times* editorial . . ."

Even the committee's written questions to Brooks illustrate the extent to which senators have abdicated the confirmation procees to outside groups. Aggressively misstating Brooks's record, prosecutorial in tone, most of the Democrats' questions have a curiously familiar ring. They should, since most come straight from a secret Alliance for Justice memo that we've had in our hands for months. One coordinated ruse stands out laughably. Although possessed of a reputation for integrity, Russ Feingold obediently uses Kendall-supplied documents, posing them as his own questions to the judge. In one instance, a "Feingold" question is nothing but unattributed text directly from a Kendall document: word for word, right down to three ellipses.

On another front, senators Schumer and Leahy spotlight Clinton's unconfirmed western Pennsylvania nominees—all of whom support Brooks. Dubbed by Schumer the Clinton "ghost nominees," Leahy heralds one, Lynette Norton—who had died tragically weeks earlier. One of the last acts of Norton's life was to write a letter to Leahy requesting he demonstrate "that the constitutional system still works" by supporting Brooks. Leahy chooses not only to be silent about her letter while using the deceased attorney for his own political purposes; he also picks a red-faced argument with a Democratic friend of Norton's when she personally asks for Leahy's support. Lynette Norton's colleagues in the Women's Bar redouble their efforts to make her point.

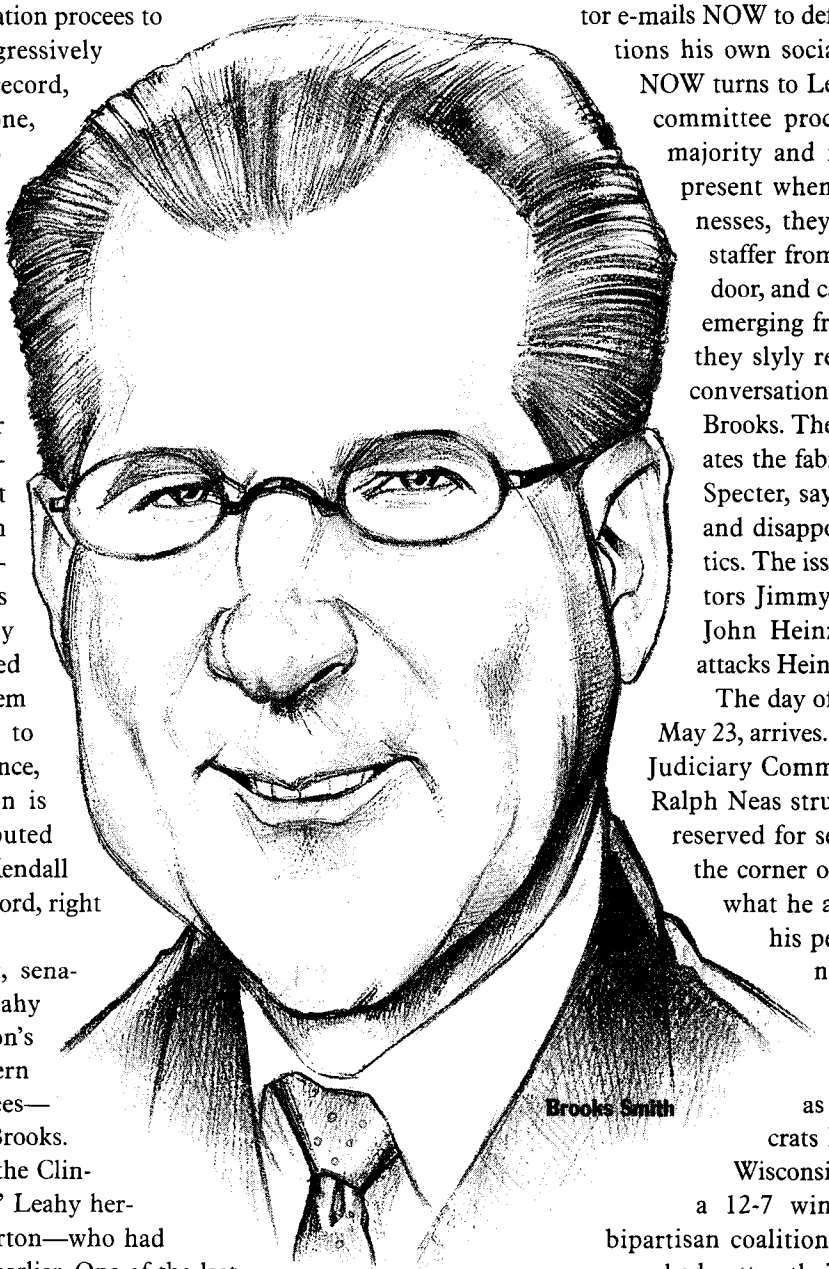
Brooks Smith

Illustration by Ismael Roldan

Meanwhile, the groups weren't done smearing Brooks. Brooks's onetime membership in his grandfather's all-male fishing club is used by NOW to attack him as not only unethical (for not resigning as soon as they feel he should have) but sexist. When a liberal Pennsylvania doctor e-mails NOW to defend Brooks, he mentions his own social visits to the club. NOW turns to Leahy's staff. Violating committee procedure that requires majority and minority staff to be present when speaking with witnesses, they order the minority staffer from the room, close the door, and call the doctor. Finally emerging from their back room, they slyly relay a version of the conversation designed to damage Brooks. The doctor flatly repudiates the fabrication in a letter to Specter, saying he is "dismayed and disappointed" with the tactics. The issue ensnares club visitors Jimmy Carter and the late John Heinz. Incredibly, NOW attacks Heinz.

The day of the committee vote, May 23, arrives. As I sit in the Senate Judiciary Committee hearing room, Ralph Neas struts through the door reserved for senators. He walks to the corner of the room, studying what he apparently fancies as his personal fiefdom, cronies scurrying around him. Arms folded, his face is a mask of stunned disbelief as he watches Democrats Biden, Edwards, and Wisconsin's Kohl give Brooks a 12-7 win. Our unorthodox, bipartisan coalition led by lawyers and women had gotten their attention. At fundraisers, in the media, and with quiet personal conversations (Specter and Biden had theirs on the long train rides home), the case for Brooks Smith was made. Three Democratic senators were willing to listen, and 12 more joined them on the Senate floor.

Against the odds, on July 31 Brooks Smith is confirmed for the Third Circuit by the full Senate, 64 to 35. ♦

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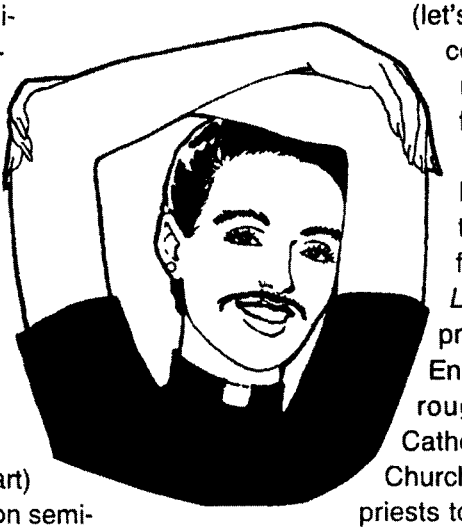
"Real Men Don't Become Priests"

Could that be true? If so, Heaven help us! We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW have been hearing more and more that the priesthood is becoming a "gay profession" like hairdressing. We recently received a poignant letter from a seminarian, which we printed. Said he: "When I left my job as a teacher at a Catholic high school to enter our diocesan seminary, the typical reaction I received from my students was, 'You're going to be a priest? But you're *not* gay.' At the time I was shocked. It did not take me long, however, to realize that their notions were well founded. For many years we have heard about the shortage of priests, and there has been much talk on the subject of 'gay' seminarians and priests. It should be glaringly obvious that the latter has (at least in part) caused the former. Until the common seminary policy of not considering an applicant's sexual orientation (despite 10 hours of psychological testing, I was never even asked if I were 'gay') is rethought, our young men will continue to view the priesthood as an option that is not for normal males."



Then there are all the sex scandals. We don't have precise information, but our impression is that more often than not, a sex scandal involves same-sex transgressions. Clerical culture is all male. When that culture is attracting a highly disproportionate percentage of people who have same-sex attractions, you don't have to be a rocket scientist to figure out that there's going to be libidinal trouble in spades — that attraction will lead to temptation, then to giving in to temptation, and then to an entire subculture of homosexually-*active* priests who protect one another from scrutiny and lawsuits.

Yes, homosexually-oriented *celibate* priests who are orthodox and obedient to Church norms, who are splendid priests, do exist. But when they must function in a priestly culture that's electric with same-sex attractions, the temptations and (let's face it) the solicitations they must contend with will be daunting. It's no favor to them to make them function in such an environment.

And let no one think that allowing priests to marry would solve the problem. It would have no effect on homosexuals. *The Times of London* recently indicated that priests in the (Anglican) Church of England are dying of AIDS at a rate roughly 2 to 3 times greater than Catholic priests in the U.S. — and the Church of England has *always* allowed priests to marry! No, the problem isn't the celibacy requirement. The problem is a hideous breakdown in basic Christian faith and morality.

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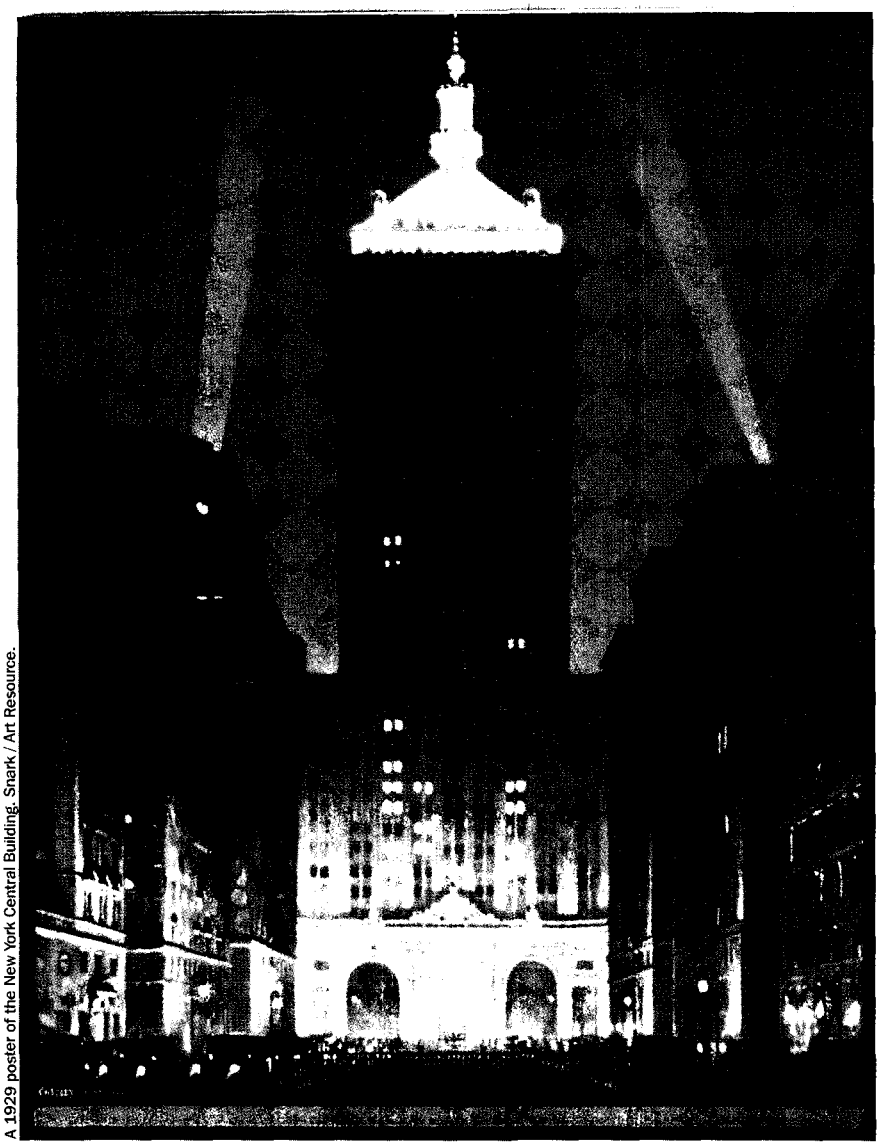

A 1929 poster of the New York Central Building. Snark / Art Resource.

Money and Manners

The New York fiction of Louis Auchincloss

By CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

The narrator of one of the stories in Louis Auchincloss's *Manhattan Monologues* notes that her father's name—Livingston Van Rensselaer Schuyler—sounds "like the take-off of an old New York moniker in a Harvard Hasty Pudding show."

Or in a Louis Auchincloss story, she might have added. The Manhattan lawyer Auchincloss, now eighty-five years old, has described in dozens of novels the world of New York's old money and the lives of those who possess it. These people leave the Upper East Side only to visit a private archipelago of prep schools and yacht clubs. Certain of his characters harp monomaniacally on the subject of family ("It was still important that I was *not* a Thorn; I was a Seward. Mother, of course, had been a Thorn . . ."), are apt to distinguish between a town's "principal citizens" and its "smaller folk," and slam down the portcullis against any contact with modern tawdriness ("Gary had his first experience with lower-class American adult males, and they did not impress him"). Auchincloss has been viewed as beyond parody and beneath literary criticism. His novels are consigned to the ethnic-fiction hell inhabited by books with titles like *In My Mother's Kitchen in Guatemala*—and to the ninth circle of that hell, for the elitism, crassness, and exclusivity that are his own ethnic group's most harped-on historical failing.

But to dismiss Auchincloss this way is to underestimate an important novelist of the last half century. Auchincloss is not a cheerleader for his class but a patient unraveler of problems that are far from class-specific. Moneyed barbarian jollity in the world of the *Social Register* is his books' backdrop, not their subject. To be sure, there is plenty of precisely rendered period detail, from history (McClellan's supporters in the 1864 elections tended to think Lincoln was too soft on the South), manners (Victorian women living alone were not supposed even to *own* sofas), and language (Gilded Age men dining without their wives were said to be *en garçon*). But to focus on Auchincloss's Merchant-Ivory side is to reveal one's own shallowness, not his.

Auchincloss's subject is not just the decline and fall of the American WASP elite. It is also the moral failings that sped that fall, and the culture in which its moral failings were embedded. In an afterword to *The Rector of Justin* (1964), Auchincloss wrote: "I had become convinced that the central problem in all New England Protestant church schools . . . was the conflict between the piety and idealism of their inspirers and the crass materialism of the families from which they drew not only their students but their endowments." WASP culture, that is, collapsed for having accentuated the Anglo-Saxon and eliminated the Protestant. But this

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is not merely a preppy problem. It is the preppy form of an American problem. Observers from Tocqueville to Schumpeter have seen it as the *key* American problem: the risk that a society will wind up demoralized and undermined by the very dynamism to which it owes its success.

Each of the ten stories in *Manhattan Monologues* is in the first person. Each reflects its narrator's obsession with an incident or situation that takes on a metaphysical significance, as if the *Spoon River Anthology* were set on Manhattan's Upper East Side. Dropping Emerson's name as if he'd just left the cocktail party, alluding to the Ring Cycle as familiarly as to a sitcom, the characters here can sound anachronistic—but they are not. Auchincloss reveres the past, but he does not barricade it against modern consciousness and concerns (as many self-proclaimed modernists do, by setting their fiction in either the academy or the Third World).

If anything, he errs in the opposite direction. While the stories here span the last century—three are set in the Gilded Age, four between the wars, and three "nearer today"—one often feels that contemporary preoccupations are being projected back onto mid-twentieth-century characters. In "The Justice Clerk," set in the 1930s, a young lawyer working for a Supreme Court justice loses his graduate-student wife to radical politics: "Her courses, all in modern history and economics, had brought her as close to the law as she could get. She was inclined to see it as a tool for the disadvantaged, as a substitute, perhaps, for riots or, indeed, for revolution." In "The Merger," set in 1970, the heir to a family electronics business is forced to sell it when his brother-in-law—a trust-fund yachtsman with "a large store of unused brains and energy"—decides he likes the attention he gets for denouncing the company's factory conditions in Guatemala. And the stories of the present day are wholly of the present day: In "The Treacherous Age," a rich and successful interior designer writes, for a psychiatrist, the narrative of her marriage, in which it is apparent to everyone but the narrator herself that her husband has turned—or has always been—gay.

Auchincloss's narrators are frequently unreliable. They don't know what's pushing them. It's often sex, of which Auchincloss takes a Freudian view. In "He Knew He Was Right" (Auchincloss is a Trollope fan), a recently divorced New York banker deposits with his lawyer an autobiographical document that he wants his nine- and ten-year-old sons to read when they reach adulthood, "that they may understand . . . that their father was not the moral monster that their mother and her kin have depicted." He

Houghton Mifflin

Manhattan Monologues
by Louis Auchincloss
Houghton Mifflin, 226 pp., $25

then details a career of conscienceless sexual predation that finds its weirdest expression in his enlisting of his mother as a confidante after each of his conquests. (This Freudian bent, present in most of Auchincloss's fiction, would have been adduced twenty years ago to prove Auchincloss hipper than he seemed; today it seems the most fogeyish element in his work.)

The world Auchincloss describes is one in which every prerogative is owed to age—not out of filial piety or a sense of tradition, but because the elderly tend to have a stranglehold on family capital. A favorite Auchincloss theme is the way those whose lives are already behind them reach out to poison all the sexual, intellectual, idealistic, and even ethical promise of youth—to poison anything inconsistent with dynasty-formation, the moral order, or the moneyed person's whims, which grow increasingly hard to distinguish.

The "moral order" is a society designed to kill off individualism through mob rituals: team sports, school spirit, organized boozing. This is a social glue in two senses: It makes the society cohere, and it traps its members like bugs on flypaper. Where it works, it establishes an easygoing egalitarianism—few are too dim-witted to embrace what Auchincloss calls "the god of football." Hence Auchincloss's interest in prep schools, which are religious institutions in theory but in practice spawning grounds for business blockheads. Hence his fascination with those who fail or quail at the Teddy Rooseveltian rituals of manliness: the homosexual and the homosexually inclined, the 4-Fs during World War II, those who limp from childhood polio, the literary kid "caught in the library during our match with Chelton."

Trouble arises when people try to break away from the flock—usually looking for sex or money, but sometimes for religion or mere autonomy. Individuals are less often ostracized or crushed than *warped*. Nosy blabbermouths are all over Auchincloss's fiction, blighting every life they touch. So are those who undermine their best friends with sadistic ridicule, usually to bully them out of their money or their mates. So are sterile wits, hangers-on like the sneering Miles Constable in the story "The Heiress," whom wealthy Manhattanites seek "in every capacity but that of son-in-law."

But there is a form of WASP revolt that incites Auchincloss's interest, and perhaps his admiration, more than any other: the spontaneous uprearing of an atavistic Puritanism. In "The Scarlet Letters," the longest of the stories under review, the lawyer Rodman Jessup, cuckolded by a satyriac liar he

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took for his best friend, decides to take the blame on himself in order to protect his father-in-law's illusions about his daughter: "Arnold Dillard must never have an inkling of what his daughter and Harry were up to," he thinks. "The disillusionment might otherwise cause Dillard to lose faith in what his whole life had stood for."

This is not the only instance in modern fiction of a man feigning fault in order to exonerate a straying spouse—one uncle in Mordecai Richler's *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* starts a rumor that he's impotent in order to excuse his wife's philandering. But Rod Jessup is a more extreme character. He is willing to go to the grave having the entire world blame him for something he didn't do. So is Arthur Slocum, in Auchincloss's story "Collaboration." An American expatriate in France who aids the Resistance while his wife collaborates with the Nazis, Slocum protects her after the war by assuming guilt for her crimes.

A 1964 debutante ball at the Astor Hotel. Bettmann/CORBIS.

Such deeds will strike most modern readers as psychologically unrealistic and dramatically cheap. Yet Auchincloss's fiction is full of them—and of people whose morality is *wholly internal*, based on what he calls elsewhere "the selflessness that comes from an absolute knowledge that the praise or scorn of the world is a total irrelevance." When Rodman Jessup finds the diary in which his wife describes every one of the recherché sex acts she's performed with his ex-friend, he is struck, more powerfully than by anything else, by the sense that he would like to do the same kind of thing. So his lack of self-pity, his "hint of a fanatic's strength," is *not* stoicism. It is a belief in something like Original Sin. Man, many of Auchincloss's characters believe, is born so evil that there is no such thing as a cosmic wrong. Grant this—that Auchincloss's whinnying cocktail-sippers are also souls in torment—and his fiction becomes not just more serious but also more plausible. As headmaster Frank Prescott puts it in *The Rector of Justin*, "I sometimes think it would be impossible for any of us to suffer injustice."

To ask whether Auchincloss really believes in Original Sin—or merely invokes it to dramatic effect—is to ask a sociological question. Do Cotton Mather's Protestants still exist? Do Henry Adams's? They might. WASPs have a hard time figuring this out themselves. "I had observed my parents' world critically and assessed its value—accurately, I think," says Livingston Van Rensselaer Schuyler's daughter. "It still had some of the old trimmings of its former high status, . . . a goodly number were richer than their parents had been. What happened to them was simply that they lost their monopoly." So it doesn't defy logic to suppose that Auchincloss's WASPs may have declined in national importance and lost their public virtue, while remaining, in certain private instances, the same people one would have met a hundred years ago. Perhaps that's why they are so fascinating. Inside their old-money equivalent of a gaeltacht, a minority culture is implausibly kept alive, in such a way that outsiders can never be sure whether the minority is self-consciously self-preserving or sincerely backward.

Auchincloss has a French novelist's mind—a fondness for aphorism, speculation, generalization—but an English sense of how novels are built. In his best work, a charming hybrid voice results, and there are signs of that voice in *Manhattan Monologues*. But the writing here is uneven. It can move from *aperçus* to clichés in the space of a short paragraph. ("It was odd how little it took to sunder our marriage. I supposed that was because so little had gone into putting it together. When Nora was through with a man, she tossed him away like a used Kleenex.") The wit is sometimes stilted and forced ("How did Descartes put it: *Je dépense, donc je suis?*"). At times the book reads like a series of character sketches for an ambitious multi-generational novel of decline.

Still, it is the ambition of Auchincloss's project that must be stressed. The difference between the type of fiction he writes and that of many of his contemporaries lies in his willingness to explore how and why people get locked into the gearworks of society—which is to say that he is writing real fiction and the bulk of his contemporaries are not. The story of what hap-

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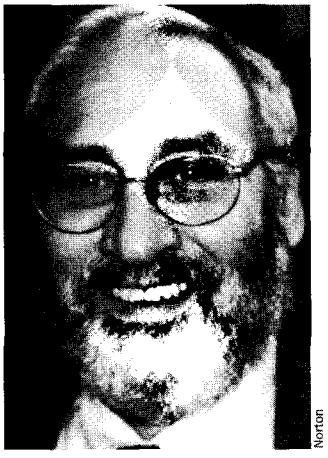
pens in one character's head is not a novel. The novel is a social form; it necessarily involves resistance or conformity to the wills of others. In too many modern novels, this tension between conformity and resistance happens offstage—largely because conveying it believably is the hardest part of writing novels. Auchincloss's fiction, by contrast, propels people of conscience through a complex society in which to do the right thing is often to step into a baited social trap. His corner of society is not the whole of society. But it is representative enough—and taking it for his subject has stretched his gifts rather than masked his deficiencies. ♦

Stop the World . . .

The Nobel economist Joseph Stiglitz wants to get off. BY IRWIN M. STELZER

There is an important book to be written about the need to reexamine the international financial architecture that was erected long before currency traders in their twenties could push a button and move billions of dollars—or yen, or rupees, or pesos—across international borders in nanoseconds. And the man to write that book is the renowned economist Joseph Stiglitz.

Alas, he hasn't. Which is a pity, for to the task he set himself in his new book, *Globalization and Its Discontents*, Stiglitz brings an academic record and practical experience few can match: a full professor at Yale at age twenty-six; teaching stints at Oxford, Princeton, Stanford, and now Columbia; chairman of President Clinton's Council of Economic Advisers; senior vice president and chief economist of the World Bank; and a winner of the Nobel Prize in economics.



Norton

Globalization and Its Discontents
by Joseph E. Stiglitz
Norton, 282 pp., $24.95

But instead of an analysis of economic consequences, *Globalization and Its Discontents* is a work by an author so overwrought that he almost equates the consequences of policy failures by the International Monetary Fund with the consequences of Nazi Germany's final solution. Stiglitz told a *Financial Times* interviewer that he could not "sit idly by with this enormous suffering [presumably caused by the IMF] going on. One did think of other incidents when people sat silent when they should have spoken." When asked what other incidents, Stiglitz replied, "Well, at a different order of magnitude, one thought about what happened in Germany." A different order of magnitude, indeed.

Stiglitz is right to rail against the willingness of the IMF to bail out friends and business associates of the likes of former Treasury secretary Robert Rubin and others who enter government and who influence subtly (and not so subtly) the "mind set" of the IMF's policymakers and bureaucrats.

But then, from arguing that the IMF reflects "the interests and ideology of the Western financial community," Stiglitz moves to the accusation that key IMF personnel design policies that favor Wall Street in order to attract lucrative private-sector job offers. The widely respected Stanley Fischer, for instance, left his post as the second in command at the IMF to join "the vast financial firm" of Citigroup—which prompts Stiglitz to write: "One could only ask, Was Fischer being richly rewarded for having faithfully executed what he was told to do" by "the financial community?" "Of all the false inferences and innuendoes in the book," mild-mannered Kenneth Rogoff, head of research at the IMF, responded, "this is the most outrageous."

The IMF, charges Stiglitz, is devoted to a one-size-fits-all solution to what he considers the very different problems faced by Asia after Thailand devalued its currency, by Russia during its transition from communism to its special form of cowboy capitalism, and by Argentina (the IMF's "star student," Stiglitz notes with wry satisfaction) when it became obvious that pegging its peso to the dollar could not survive the refusal of the national and regional governments to live within their means.

This IMF solution begins with an austerity program that requires balancing the national budget either by raising taxes or cutting outlays. Economists have known that this is madness, says Stiglitz, ever since Herbert Hoover deployed these weapons—and thereby prolonged America's Great Depression. The IMF anti-crisis kit also includes an insistence on the free movement of capital, markets open to imports, and a host of other tools designed to expose the client-country to globalization's winds of change, even though these countries might not yet be ready to compete with the richer, industrialized nations. Finally, the IMF insists on its so-called "shock therapy": the sudden relaxation of import and capital controls. This is a

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case of ideology trumping good sense and sound economics, according to Stiglitz, who prefers "the gradualist policies adopted by the Chinese."

These IMF policies constitute what Stiglitz characterizes as "the Washington Consensus, . . . a curious blend of ideology and bad economics, dogma that sometimes seemed to be thinly veiling special interests." And the result is a failure to ensure that the benefits of globalization are shared "more equitably."

Stiglitz makes clear that he is not opposed to globalization, which "has the *potential* to enrich everyone in the world, particularly the poor." But he is opposed to policies based on the "outworn presumption that markets, by themselves, lead to efficient outcomes." And he is angry because the IMF enriches the already-rich and impoverishes the already-poor. IMF representatives rule from posh "five-star hotels in the capitals," far from the villages whose farmers and weavers will be clobbered by its austerity programs that force client countries to curtail spending on health and education. In the case of Thailand, spending cutbacks increased the incidence of female prostitution and gutted "what had been one of the world's most successful programs in fighting AIDS."

Here he is on to something. Economists are not bad at devising policies that in aggregate create wealth. But such policies create losers as well as winners, and economists are less good at getting the winners to cede some of their gains to the losers. Similarly, economists are reasonably good at generating policies that improve welfare in the long run. But they are less good at helping nations and individuals navigate the inevitable transition away from bad policies.

So what is to be done? Stiglitz recommends fundamental reform of the governance of the IMF to downgrade the clout of the rich countries and the finance ministers that represent them (and the financial community). He wants to increase the voting rights of poorer countries, especially African nations. And he calls for greater transparency, for restricting the IMF to the role of crisis manager, for bankruptcy reforms, for better safety nets for the vulnerable, and for improved risk management.

AFP / CORBIS

Protesters at the 2001 IMF meeting in Washington.

Most of all, he wants to change the "mind set" of the IMF so that it will recognize the limits of free markets in producing equitable solutions to economic problems: Sweden and several Asian nations have economic models that have "served them well" while "ensuring *social justice.*" He also demands greater receptivity by IMF bureaucrats to the possibility that the gradualism of China's economic reform program might be superior to the shock therapy prescribed for, say, Russia.

It is difficult to quarrel with much of this. Yes, an opening of minds to new ideas and contrarian thinking would benefit the IMF. Sure, austerity produces pain. Certainly, it would be a good thing to share the burdens and benefits of globalization more widely. Of course, there might be more than one path to economic reform and sustained growth. That's the easy part. The harder part, and the part to which any serious student of economic policy must wish Stiglitz had devoted more of his energy, is to come up with something better.

Consider Stiglitz's allegation that IMF programs trail economic disaster in their wakes, with East Asia the most notable example. Stiglitz argues that the region's straitened circumstances following the flight of capital and the 1997 financial crisis stemmed largely from the IMF's inapt insistence on austerity, liberalization, and freedom of capital to exit the scene of the East Asian economic accident. But can we be certain that the IMF prescription failed to revive the patient? As a recent article in the *Economist* put it, "five years on, the most striking thing is how well many [East Asian] countries are doing, despite a stuttering global economy. . . . The International Monetary Fund, which failed miserably to foresee the crisis, deserves some credit."

Stiglitz would contend that such praise fails to consider the distributional consequences of IMF reforms and that reliance on "trickle down" is not the most efficient way to ameliorate the plight of lower-income groups in developing countries. But would redistributionist programs of the sort that he espouses do any better, especially as they might be applied by the not-entirely democratic regimes and not-entirely selfless leaders that rule these nations? Might such efforts—which refuse to wait for the benefits of economic development to trickle down to the poor—end by aborting wealth-cre-

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ating growth? And might the maintenance of controls on the repatriation of capital not serve as a warning to investors that any capital they commit to these countries is at great risk?

Consider, as well, Stiglitz's contention that the austerity programs suggested by the IMF hit the poor hardest. Regimes required to tighten their belts in return for IMF financial support, we are told, cut funds for education, health, and other social services, thereby providing no safety net for those hardest hit by the opening of their markets to international competition. That is probably true, although we are offered no analysis of the budgets of these nations to sustain those charges. But unfortunate and often inhumane choices of where to spend available resources cannot be laid solely at the door of the IMF. The leaders of developing countries rarely find themselves short of arms, private jets, Swiss bank accounts, or palaces, even during periods of IMF-prompted austerity. Nor are they notably long on empathy with their less well-off countrymen. It is far from clear that the IMF policies, rather than home-grown villains, are the cause of the problems of the world's poor, especially in Africa, the one part of the world where poverty is not decreasing.

Which brings us to Stiglitz's proposal for increased representation of African nations in the councils of the IMF. There can be no denying that in a perfect world it would be sensible to confer more power on the recipients of IMF assistance so that the funds might be deployed more effectively. But we don't live in that world. Ours is one in which kleptocratic African regimes impoverish their nations with a combination of misrule, military adventures, and policies that discourage inward investment. These atrocities can hardly be laid at the door of the IMF.

Stiglitz is right, of course, that the industrialized world does not come to the policy table with clean hands. Barriers erected by the rich countries to the importation of the products of these poor countries, and farm subsidies such as those long in force in the European Union and now reinstituted in the United States, devastate the farmers of developing countries and demonstrate the hypocrisy of advanced nations that speak in glowing terms of the benefits of globalization and the free movement of goods, capital, and people.

The combination of incompetent-to-crooked regimes in many developing countries and uncaring-to-hypocritical Western governments forms the kind of hard reality Stiglitz once famously incorporated into economic theory to make it comport more fully with the world we live in now. But in this instance, he seems incapable of giving us guidance. There must be something better than reorganizing the IMF so that we can turn questions of optimally efficient agricultural reform over to Zimbabwe's Robert Mugabe.

Underlying Stiglitz's complaints is the conviction that activist governments can contribute to social justice. Only the most ideological libertarian would deny that there is a role for government in creating and monitoring the conditions for a more humane society: establishing the rule of law, maintaining open and competitive markets, protecting property rights, providing an adequate supply of public goods such as education, and redistributing income to the deserving poor. But only the most purblind interventionist can ignore the massive human suffering often created by well-intentioned efforts to replace the decisions of markets with those of government ministers incapable of developing practical interventions that actually help the poor.

In the end, the flaw in Stiglitz's attack on the IMF is his refusal to consider the costs associated with the programs he is proposing. "Gradualism" in the introduction of reforms can easily develop into enduring protectionism. Preventing capital flight by permitting borrowing countries to imprison foreign capital or tax its owners if they choose to repatriate their money can discourage future crucial foreign investment. And prolonging the transition of developing countries to market economies can have costs that exceed the benefits.

Now that Stiglitz has returned to the academy—and says that by virtue of disgorging this book he no longer is eligible for "a lot of lucrative consulting"—perhaps he will use his time to reflect on the possibility that government failure might in some instances overwhelm the market failure it is designed to correct, that moral hazard is a problem to be considered when bailing out not only private-sector investors but governments, and that not all the people who would be involved in overruling market forces are as well intentioned and as clever as he. ♦

Through Psychiatric Eyes

Joyce Milton on therapy and its discontents.

BY RONALD W. DWORKIN

What is the difference between psychology and science? Science describes things that already exist, while psychology creates things that do not have to be. In science, the words "atom" and "molecule" describe nature's building blocks. Atoms and molecules are things of substance, and scientists, recognizing their value, gave them names.

In psychology, however, terms like "self-actualization" and "inner self" describe phenomena whose value exists only because some persons

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awarded them value. In the case of self-actualization, for example, certain psychologists thought the phenomenon important and so they gave it a name—though it is more accurate to say that these psychologists imagined the concept of self-actualization, and by imagining it and giving it a name, they awarded the concept value.

Other psychologists think differently, and compose a different language group, and so they describe different things (e.g., the "oral stage" of development, the "inner child"). But in each case, psychologists describe things not because they have value; rather, they have value because they are described. The value of psychology's discoveries exists only in a consensus of minds.

What is the difference between psychology and religion? Joyce Milton wrestles with this question in her new book, *The Road to Malpsychia: Humanistic Psychology and Our Discontents*. She examines the twentieth century's failed experiment with humanistic psychology, including the efforts of leading psychologists and social scientists to substitute a secular "religion of human nature" for traditional religion. If psychology tried to compete with religion during the twentieth century and failed, it must be like religion, but also somehow different. In what way?

Milton approaches the issue more as a biographer than a philosopher, which limits her success. She examines the dysfunctional lives of thinkers like Abraham Maslow (founder of the concept "hierarchy of needs"), Ruth Benedict (an early opponent of the idea of "normal"), and especially Timothy Leary, the proponent of LSD. Each in his or her own way contributed to the idea that human beings could attain a new and elevated consciousness and become, in Maslow's words, "fully human." For Maslow, the way up was through "peak experiences"—moments when the individual felt himself to be at one with the universe. For Leary, the way up was through drugs. By revealing the instability and downright kookiness of these people, Milton tries to capture the inanity of the entire psychology movement.

Otto Dix, *The Madwoman* (1925). Erich Lessing / Art Resource, NY.

The Road to Malpsychia
Humanistic Psychology and Our Discontents
by Joyce Milton
Encounter, 310 pp., $26.95

Leary is the easiest target. He drinks during good times and bad, has four wives, and, before he dies, commits his head to cryonic preservation, hoping that one day it can be brought back to life atop the body of a seventeen-year-old girl. He resents his mother (though so do Benedict and Maslow). He lives as a fugitive. He goes to prison. Any movement that boasts of having someone like him as its poster boy will inevitably fail among the general public.

Milton's approach has merit, just as there is merit in warning impressionable youths in love with philosophy about the dysfunctional lives of Nietzsche, Foucault, and Socrates, to name just a few. The defect, even madness, of an idea is sometimes best expressed in the blighted lives of its promulgators. Yet Milton's approach to the conflict between psychology and religion is ultimately unsatisfying. After all, religion has its share of kookiness—remember Jim and Tammy Bakker?—and so the final victory of religion over psychology at the end of the twentieth century cannot be credited to the purity of religion's leadership.

At best, Milton reveals a trend that is all too common in intellectual movements: Each generation of disciples lies farther away from the movement's original inspiration, and takes its toll on the original idea.

Milton starts her book with a short biography of Franz Boas, the celebrated anthropologist who, early in the twentieth century, correctly exposed the mistakes (and racism) in theories of cultural evolutionism that dominated the times. The cultural evolutionists argued that Anglo-Saxon culture was the apogee of civilization, and that this was so because its members were tall and blonde, not small, dark, and garlicky. Boas countered with the idea that culture was a social construct, that standards of good and evil vary from culture to culture, and that these standards had nothing to do with race or heredity. Boas was a sophisticated thinker, and while he may have been a cultural relativist, there was some truth in what he said.

Succeeding generations of thinkers built on Boas's ideas, degraded them, and, curiously, boast of progressively more dysfunctional lives. Maslow and Benedict start the descent with their utopias—and their neuroses. Maslow rediscovers human nature and declares all people to be good. Benedict, who Milton says was more Boasian than Boas himself (an ominous sign of fanaticism), declares that family men are the "aberrations," while those living on society's fringe are normal. Both thinkers apply Boas's cultural relativism to the problem of the self. What results is a personal freedom so boundless that these two people end up seeing only emptiness before them. Benedict feels "deeply alone" most of her life and is chronically depressed.

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Jan Sanders van Hemessen, *The Cure of Folly* (c. 1556). Scala / Art Resource, NY.

Maslow fares somewhat better, but is always searching, always searching.

Next comes Leary, who is even more self-obsessed. At least Maslow had a social conscience. He tried to use his conception of the self to nurture attachments between human beings. Leary, on the other hand, took LSD to retreat into his own little world. For Leary, society barely existed. Tolstoy once said that old age is either majestic, pathetic, or repulsive. Leary was certainly not majestic. One evening, as an old man, he sits in a wheelchair decked out in a dog collar with twinkling Christmas tree lights. It is unclear if his friends laugh with him or at him. This was the logical end for a man who lived as he thought, and whose thoughts were tragic.

Finally, there comes a potpourri of New Age spirituality, radical feminism, and self-esteem psychology—the end-stage of humanistic psychology. The touchy-feeliness, the quests for "realness," the hot tubs, and the group hugs all seem wonderfully harmless, though some of the proponents of these ideas live very peculiar lives, which Milton describes well, including the occasional suicide attempt, and even one instance of Holocaust denial.

At the end of his life, Karl Marx reportedly said, "I am not a Marxist." If Franz Boas were alive today to see what had been made of his original theories, perhaps he would dissociate himself from the movement that Milton credits him with founding.

Milton's exposé of the humanistic psychology movement would have been more powerful had she tried directly to answer the question: What is the difference between psychology and religion? The answer explains the failure of humanistic psychology, and the resilience of religion, better than the life of any individual psychologist. The difference between the two resembles the difference between psychology and science, but in this case, instead of reversing the relationship between things and their value, psychology reverses the relationship between the self and the universe.

In religion, a relationship is posited between the self (or the soul) and the universe, from which the self draws guidance for its behavior. So many small phenomena compete for our attention every day, and demand from us a decision. How to decide? For animals, decisions are easy, since animals are driven by instinct. But for human beings, who use reason more than instinct, and who have the power to doubt, to worry about unforeseen consequences, and to feel the pang of conscience, a big decision often means confusion. Religion helps by integrating the various phenomena of life into something larger than any single person. People then develop a relationship to that whole, of which they feel themselves a part, and which satisfies their desire for guidance based on something more than just animal instinct.

In psychology, the self is used to explain the universe—the exact opposite of what religion does. Humanistic psychologists expand on people's thoughts and emotions to help them make sense of life. They try to erect something solid and enduring in the cross-currents of feeling that eddy about in people's minds. But feelings themselves cannot tell someone what sort of life is desirable, or what is harmful or useless. Few important questions in life can be resolved simply by asking, "How do I feel?" More questions, more unforeseen consequences, and more conflicting desires keep popping up. The desperate effort to find answers to fundamental questions using psychology recalls the vigorous turns of a disconnected car wheel.

Humanistic psychology is arrogant because it believes that a theory of the universe can be deduced from a person's own experience. It is socially irresponsible because it advises us to keep our eyes on the weather vane of our own conflicting feelings rather than on the lives of those around us. No society can function long under such a regime. That is why, at the end of the twentieth century, psychology's dream of self-actualization resolved itself in a sigh and then dissolved into apathy. All the bold and expansive ideas, all the feverish energy spent on finding a higher self, ended up in a kind of drowsy selfishness for persons like Leary, in futile gestures for those like Maslow, and, in some cases, a total loss of how to situate oneself in the world. In chronicling the disaster of these lives, Milton has done us a service. ♦

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"Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him when he worked the main room at the Jest 'n' Joust."

A Print Run of One's Own

Roger Kimball, the critic and managing editor at the *New Criterion*, has a book just out called *Art's Prospect: The Challenge of Tradition in an Age of Celebrity* (Cybereditions, 222 pp., $17.95). Collecting his occasional essays on Roger Fry, Clement Greenberg, Paul Klee, Andy Warhol, and many others, it's proof that Kimball is among the most serious critics now writing. If you're at all interested in modern art—or perhaps that should read *M*odern art, for Kimball (like his colleague Hilton Kramer at the *New Criterion*) is a strong defender of High Modernism against the postmodern degradations of more recent art—then you should get this book.

To get it, however, you have to go online and order it at *www.cybereditions.com*, for *Art's Prospect* is the product of yet another attempt to publish books with a technique called "print-on-demand."

Print-on-demand is an idea whose time has come—and gone, come again, gone again, and come back for a *positively* final appearance, like the widely advertised farewell benefit for an actor whom you've never seen and probably wouldn't much like even if you had seen him.

But the reason the idea keeps coming back is that there's actually something to it, if only anybody could figure out what that is. Print-on-demand is a child of the changes desktop computers brought to publishing. From the steam-driven press of the 1850s on, printing basically belonged to organizations large enough to afford the layout and production technology—through all its various incarnations: offset printing, rotogravure, lithography, hot type, linotype, and (oh, Lord, remember?) those awful proprietary VAX systems with the green-screened dumb terminals that newspapers and publishing houses used for layout in the 1970s and 1980s.

These days, however, you can easily design a book yourself. Your PC probably came with some junky, stripped-down version of a desktop-publishing program like Quark and a photo-manipulation program like Photoshop—but the programs themselves are the ones that most publishers of books and magazines are using. Nobody needs to store and preserve expensive plates anymore, much less locked-down frames of lead print. Publishers nowadays do just what you would do: send a book's computerized information to a press to print.

So, the idea goes, why not simply print a copy of the book when it's wanted? The book is all designed, sitting in the computer. Somebody orders a copy and, wham, it's printed. No more huge investments in risky propositions, no more warehousing, no more wastage, no more inventory taxes, for that matter (and thank you, Jimmy Carter, for that little burden on the publishing industry).

The answer to why not print-on-demand turns out to be marketing and distribution. How do you display the book? How do you advertise it? How do you bypass the bookstore that stands between the publisher and the reader? Every time it looks as though the Internet is going to solve this problem, print-on-demand bubbles back up into view. And every time the Internet returns to traditional marketing techniques, the idea sinks away.

Still, Cybereditions has the advantage of having lured the talents of Denis Dutton, New Zealand's premier literary critic and literary criticism's reigning entrepreneurial spirit. Dutton is the longtime editor of a journal called *Philosophy and Literature*, most famous for its annual "bad writing" award, given to the academic with the most impenetrable piece of prose in the preceding year. He's also the moving force behind "Arts & Letters Daily" (*www.aldaily.com*), the most successful highbrow site on the Web.

Given his previous successes, Dutton may be enough to make this incarnation of print-on-demand fly. The idea is to make available classic and hard-to-find works for which there is a small but perduring demand. Cybereditions titles include Jonathan Yardley's *Our Kind of People*, Brian Boyd's *Nabokov's Ada: The Place of Consciousness*, and Jeffrey Kittay and Wlad Godzich's *The Emergence of Prose: An Essay in Prosaics*. If it's going to publish works like these—and Roger Kimball's *Art's Prospect*—then it has every chance it needs.

—J. Bottum

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The *New York Times* publishes details of possible U.S. war plans against Iraq. —*News item*

Parody

DECEMBER 16, 1776

WASHINGTON MAY CROSS DELAWARE, ATTACK TRENTON

CHRISTMAS NIGHT ASSAULT PLANNED TO SURPRISE BRITS

Military Critics Note General's Tendency to Stand in Boat

By HOWELL RAINES I

RIL 19, 1851

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD LOCATIONS REVEALED

ADMINISTRATION SOURCES HAVE QUALMS ABOUT PREVIOUSLY SECRET ROUTES

Not Really Underground, They Say

By HOWELL RAINES IV

DAY, JUNE 1, 1944

Allies Settle on Normandy, Not Calais, as June 6 Invasion Site

Would Be a Shame If Nazis Found Out

By HOWELL RAINES XII

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A Visit To a Core Knowledge School

Diane Ravitch is a research professor, New York University; distinguished visiting fellow, Hoover Institution; and member, Hoover's Koret Task Force on K–12 Education.

The day's festivities at PS 20 in Brooklyn began with the sixth-grade chorus singing Beethoven's "Ode to Joy," followed by Duke Ellington's classic "Take the A Train." The first-grade children—the boys wearing tricornered hats and the girls wearing white caps tied under their chins—recited a section of "Paul Revere's Ride," written, as one beaming child put it, by "William Wadsworth Longfellow."

Two radiant sixth-grade children declaimed Maya Angelou's poem "On the Pulse of Morning," which she wrote for President Clinton's inauguration. A first-grade group of twenty played violins, bowing out "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" by Mozart. Fifth graders reenacted the writing of the Declaration of Independence and hailed its significance in today's world; another group from the same grade declaimed on the historical injustices that had violated the spirit of Mr. Jefferson's great document. Third graders dramatized the tragedy of Julius Caesar, betrayed by his friends and the Roman mob.

For a moment, I had to pinch myself. This was neither a dream nor a wishful fantasy of my imagination. This was a regular elementary school in the heart of downtown Brooklyn that has adopted the Core Knowledge curriculum and that today was holding its annual Core Knowledge Fair, where the children proudly demonstrated what they had learned.

The Core Knowledge curriculum, developed by E.D. Hirsch of the University of Virginia, works on the simple principle that knowledge is powerful. The children study a coherent sequence of specific knowledge that builds year by year. Every student every year studies English, history and geography, mathematics and science, the art of many civilizations, visual arts, and music. As they showed at their fair, they dramatize what they learn through song, poetry, dance, and performance.

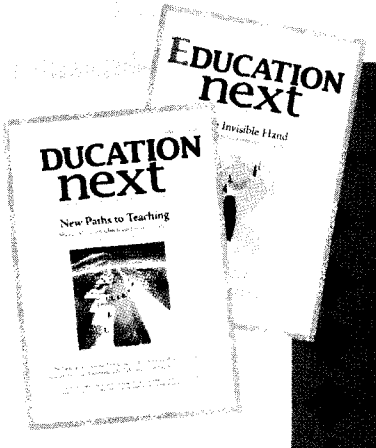
The walls of the school overflow with student projects about ancient Greece, ancient Rome, American history, the principles of science, and African American achievements. The children read wonderful classic literature, including O. Henry stories and Jack London novels. Many participate in band or chorus and learn to use computers.

E.D. Hirsch has consistently argued that the best way to reduce the gaps among social, economic, and racial groups in America is to provide equal access to knowledge. **The knowledge that culturally literate people need is not haphazard; it is specific, it can be identified in advance, and teachers can teach it.** That is what I saw at PS 20, where 98 percent of the children are members of a minority group. Many are from low-income homes, but no one looks poor. Instead, they look like children who are happily imbibing knowledge and making it their own.

For the past twenty years, our schools have been embroiled in endless and mean-spirited wrangling about the cultural content of the curriculum. PS 20, where the love of knowledge is so joyfully communicated by administrators, teachers, and parents, gives me hope that a new day is dawning.

— *Diane Ravitch*

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.



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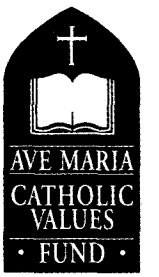

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